THE
COMMONWEAL

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THE NEW METROPOLIS

A GLANCE at that encyclopaedia of urban enterprise, the Classified Telephone Directory, will reveal the fact that almost as many organizations are concerned with "social welfare" as there are organizations interested in selling shirts. They are by no means merely nominal in character. All enlist the services of trained men and women; they study general industrial conditions as well as individual "cases"; and their diversity is a pretty fair guarantee that no aspect of city life has been entirely overlooked. In every metropolitan area there are at least a few "social" names which have a national significance. But many quite obscure organizations carry on with a fidelity and intelligence all the more remarkable because unsensational; and anyone who has looked a little at the work being done comes away feeling that the labor of redemption moves through the social organism as the blood circulates through the human body.

That is why the UFA film, Metropolis, seems to many American spectators quite unreal and even ethically wrong. We are so conscious of a general social advance that tumbling into the chaos of an enslaved industrial future seems to us not merely inconceivable, but even perverse as subject-matter for speculation. That horrible city which a German director conjured up out of a suggestion furnished, maybe, by some huge electrical plant in a desolate Berlin suburb, is veritably monstrous. The light of day has been shut out for the sake of efficiency, electrical energy glitters fantastically in a thousand giddy fissures, and a seemingly endless pyramid of superimposed cubicles has solved the problem of space created by hordes of workers whose activities have been "Taylorized" to the limit. If such a thing could be brought to pass, it would—irrespective of the more personal, luridly sentimental episodes which characterize the film—be about as terrible a fate as could be visited upon mankind. Americans generally are, however, firmly convinced that it will never come to pass. We look back upon the industrial revolution as a "pioneer period" through which we have emerged triumphant. Our very efficiencies, as most optimists see them, are creative of leisure in which education, culture, and reflection will become possible for more people.

Of course, a German has some reason for looking at the matter a little dubiously. His is a people forced out of agrarianism into industrial pursuits by the pressure of population density. To a peasant bound to open fields by a long heredity of habit, the swirl, squalor, and iron efficiency of factory cities may truly seem

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a treadmill destined to turn more and more insanely as time goes on. He and his leaders are even disposed sometimes to blame the United States for a "factory discipline" found irksome and destructive of individuality. Of late, however, many Germans—as well as other Europeans—have begun to change their minds. These men affirm that American business and industrial management have actually succeeded in liberating the employed majority from the worst terrors of the economic burden, and that American ideology has recognized in "social welfare" a far more transcendent value than "Taylorism" could ever be. Such views are expressed, for example, in the Rhein-Mainische Volkszeitung, organ of the Center party.

We believe the average American appreciates the justice of these newer European estimates of American industry. Nevertheless he is not normally willing to overlook serious shadows in the picture, or to consider the future in a Pollyanna mood. To an enthusiastic endorsement of industry in the United States which appeared in the London Spectator recently, Professor Joseph Smith, of Colby College, Maine, replied with some pertinent statements deserving of attention. "At the time of writing," he declared, "we are supposed to be floating on a wave of prosperity. Be that as it may, there are probably between one and one and a half millions of persons unemployed. At least the unemployment figures from 1902 to 1917 show that such a number is to be expected at the peak of the business cycle, and twice or three times that number in periods of depression. Two years ago, according to the Industrial Survey, the unemployed per 1,000 of population were 19.9 in the United States and twenty-five in Great Britain." To this reminder that an unemployment problem still exists, Professor Smith added some further reflections upon "sub-minimum" wages and the "Hoover report" on waste in industry, though he also conceded that the prospect was fairly bright.

In other words, a temperate view of the American industrial situation shows that real social advance has been accomplished but that nothing like what could be termed a "change" has set in. Events themselves have not, like some form of mythical "progress," brought a milennium out of chaos. Improvement has come from experience and from manifold hard work. Fortunately we did succeed in growing out of a mood of battle into a spirit of coöperation. The history of labor unionism in the United States is not all lily-white (any more than the history of anything else is lily-white) but it is characterized by a noble resolve to make collective bargaining, not direct action, the goal of organized labor. This resolve has cost American labor a good deal. It often weakened the morale of laboring men themselves during a time of strife. But it was nevertheless faithfully adhered to and ultimately it has been proved right. On the whole, American capital, too, has been willing to recognize the interdependency of employer and employee, of production and producer. Masterful organizers of business, like Mr. Ford, have not often revealed a tendency to become Nietzchean supermen. We have every reason to speak, therefore, of an American temperament favorable to the endeavor to remedy social disorder.

It is not strange that our visions of the future should, as a consequence, be both hopeful in character and industrial in aspect. We look forward to the "coming city," wherein twenty millions or more of people will be compactly housed, imagining engineering developments of a titanic grandeur hitherto undreamed of and an industrial machinery so subtly organized that leisure will be general and labor attractive. Our "metropolis" is to be a glorious, not a sinister thing. But are we justified in this expectation? Whatever one's answer may be, the fact is obvious that mankind's visions of what is to be are all laid out in city blocks and dotted with skyscrapers. A man who would predict that an age to come will find humanity living rustically in tiny cottages, close to sheep-folds and beehives, might find an amused reader but no interested public. We are headed for as much of urban life as we can absorb. We are deeding our children over to the metropolis. We are gambling heavily on a possibility (slender enough in all truth) that the demon of mechanism can be conquered.

Indubitably, then, the social welfare agencies of which we spoke at the beginning are the initial forms of what must some day be vitally necessary organizations. Upon the spirit in which they carry on the study and relief of general disease will depend to a very large extent how much of the American dream is to come true. To the work thus accomplished, the Catholic Church must give more and more attention. There is no way in which religious standards and social principles can be separated in practice, and there is nothing more inconceivable than a "city of God" indifferent to economic injustice. Such efforts as have been made, however, to bring the light of Catholic faith to bear upon the problems of the time seem relatively isolated and ineffective. This is certainly not the fault of those who have devoted themselves to the task. However serious their individual limitations may be, they are really hampered most by the fact that they are individuals. A collective vision of the work ahead still remains a "thing to be done some day," for reasons that demand an earnest scrutiny of hearts and consciences. By comparison, the problem of "welfare work" seems to have been grasped vigorously and promptly. Saint Vincent de Paul's maxim, "The poor are our masters," has come home to very many. But in this field, too, much more remains to be accomplished if the "city of the future" is to resemble our optimistic dream rather than the distorted fancies of a German cinema poet. For the only soil upon which any dream can be builded is labeled charity: and what would mechanics give us if charity should die? This question is, indeed, essential to any consideration of the future toward which we are borne by devices made with our own hands but apparently imbued with a social power of their own.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
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BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

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WEEK BY WEEK

APPARENTLY the military triumph of the Cantonese is already an established fact. The fall of Pekin is predicted, the chaos of the Northern armies is universally evident, and (it is said) dreams of communism and hatred of foreigners are everywhere stirring up the population. One must, of course, guard against finding too simple a logic in the situation. In all likelihood, general Chinese indifference to the Northern cause is derived less from Bolshevist propaganda than from the banditry and wholesale looting practised by mercenary Northern troops. Though Moscow has unquestionably, in the words of Paul Morand, "struck a heavy blow at London through Canton," it is not at all evident that this blow carries the full weight of the Chinese people. Bolshevism is, after all, a peculiarly Russian manifestation; and we seriously doubt that it can be transferred to China, any more than it could gain a foothold in western Europe. From the American point of view, the real problem is to find a policy which, in the long run, will serve best our conception of what China ought to be. This conception visualizes a stable government in China, capable of safeguarding reputable commercial relations and of protecting the lives of those who, officially or industrially, represent the United States. It does not visualize a China ruled and exploited by foreign force. And therefore it is simply impossible, whatever may be the difficulties of the present hour, to contemplate aligning our strength with the British, against whom the Chinese have a grievance obviously just in certain respects which are not this country's concern.

WHATEVER the cleavage of opinion may be (and all signs point to its being pretty complete) upon the policy which this country should pursue in regard to upheaved China, nothing but the warmest sympathy and regard from any communion pledged to the cause of Christianity and civilization in the Far East, can go out to the family and brethren in faith of Dr. John E. Williams. The valedictory uttered over the slain vice-president of Nanking University by the Reverend A. Edwin Keigwin, pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church in New York, is of the tenor that carries conviction, even if enough knowledge of the late executive's work were not available to lift it out of the class of perfunctory praise uttered over those who have died heroically. What is most evident in Dr. Williams' life is the fervor, confined to no religious profession, but rooted in the character and integrity of a man himself, which dedicates itself without any reserve at all to the cause of the nation he would evangelize, and puts away by a deliberate gesture all the plausible means of influence, all the short cuts to success, that derive ever so remotely from racial consciousness and alien authority. "Dr. Williams," the Presbyterian pastor told his congregation, "never allowed himself to be entangled in the commercial structure in China." On his visits home he refused to be drawn into anything that might read like criticism of the country and people he had made his own, and insisted that the one corporation he would consent to serve to the end was "the corporate body of Christ." This is noble language. This is the authentic speech of the missionary by call and temperament, and Catholics catching the accents of their own Xavier and Huc in the voice of this Presbyterian missionary who has sealed his faith with his blood, bow their heads with a conviction that Dr. Williams' long life and tragic death cannot have been in vain for the cause of peace and concord between the new nations and the old.

THE government of Mussolini, which is the subject discussed by two reviewers in this issue of The Commonweal, cannot be accused of having jeopardized its amicable relations with the Papacy. A widely heralded difficulty that arose in connection with "Catholic Action," involving numerous existing organizations of young people, has been settled in a manner agreeable to both parties. Under the present law, the Fascist society, the "Balilla," will provide room for religious influence under the direction of the Papacy in places where there would not be place for "Catholic Action" as such. The letter in which the Holy Father comments upon the situation is unmistakably cordial and benevolent. It declares that Mussolini's government obviously had no intention of ignoring the spiritual rights of Italian Catholics. Concerning the general tenor of Pope Pius's comment, Monsignor Pucci, Roman correspondent for the National Catholic Welfare Conference, had this to say: "The Holy Father

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declares that on his own initiative and with no idea of making reprisals on anyone, but simply to save others a very unpleasant task, he has ordered the disbandment of Boy Scouts in certain smaller places. He also views with satisfaction the fact that there exists every indication that the manifold activities of 'Catholic Action,' in so far as they center about youth, are to be left undisturbed by the new law creating the 'Balilla.' " Thereby a situation of which far too much was made seems to have been brought to a reassuring conclusion.

THE compromise effected draws attention, however, to a point of the greatest importance. People who keep aloof from the history of papal diplomacy, the long record of relations existing between the Church and separate states in modern history, often read into the statement of universal Catholic principle (as that has been made in encyclicals and elsewhere) a variety of calamitous possibilities. What would happen if the Church, acting upon its authority as the sovereign religious power in this world, suddenly decreed that such and such untoward things must be done within a given state? What if the Papacy absolutely refused to permit certain of its children to live within the borders of a given state or to accept the laws prevalent there? Such questions can be posited in theory without inconvenience, just as one might speculate upon what would happen if the earth itself suddenly obeyed that law of gravity which it enforces upon everything on its surface. In practice, the history of the Church is a series of concordats, of compromises, which iron out the difficulties arising out of its relations with various states. These reveal very clearly that the Papacy has none of the belligerence which so frequently exists between powers in the civil order, and that its occasional refusal to compromise has been merely a measure of last resort in maintaining its right to live.

THE bad news that has been coming from Mexico within the last two years is calculated to create a false impression as to the status and credit of the Church in Central and Southern American generally, and the loyalty of Ibero-Americans toward its hierarchy and ministry. It brings a sense of relief to know that other countries nearer the equator than Central America have passed through much the same phase, and that a reaction toward older and more traditional habits of thought is setting in. A brief article from Guatemala, sent to the Osservatore Romano, records the change that has come over the country of Rafael Carrera since the assumption of power by President Chacon. Laws closely paralleling the iniquitous penal code of Calles have been annulled. Several priests of foreign birth exiled by the government of General Orellana, have been invited to return. Laws which created penalties for those giving them harborage have been repealed; the civil right of appeal is again conceded to clerics; and every restraint upon the exercise of religious cult has been removed. Much of the popular indignation which resulted in the fall of the persecuting Orellana cabinet was aroused when restrictions were placed on pilgrims who wished to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, and it is not extravagant to see in the change that has come over Guatemala one of the first fruits of a great act of piety and intercession.

WHILE the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, held regularly to encourage discussion of industrial principle and practice, has evidently made progress, it is not yet the creative instrument of public opinion it might desirably be. The recent session at Harrisburg was again characterized by the absence of notable employers and financiers, the only exception being the veteran Colonel Callahan. Even conservative economic thought seemed to be in hiding. The school of social ethics, which Father John A. Ryan has created virtually single-handed, was so completely in evidence that a visitor from some foreign shore might have supposed it the only existing form of Catholic opinion on problems of economic and industrial importance. Of course, he would have been very far from the truth. Opposition not only exists, but is very strong. Why, then, is it never heard from at these conferences? Whatever may be the reason, it is clear that Catholic economic thought in the United States will never be really effective and triumphant until it can claim to have the reasoned harmony arrived at through comparison of contrasted views. One has only to think of what Catholic social conferences in France and Germany are to discern what is wrong with similar meetings in the United States.

NEVERTHELESS, much good thinking was expressed at Harrisburg during the two days when the conference remained in session. Most of the attention was directed to organized labor, the prevalent note being struck in an address by Mr. Thomas Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America. Speaking on behalf of the miners, he said: "We have tried nearly every industrial theory and have become convinced that the only plan that protects us and saves our liberties is free and voluntary trade-unionism and the collective contract." With this conclusion every American ought, we believe, to stand in agreement. Father John J. Curran, the "miners' friend" of Wilkes-Barre, paid a sincere tribute to unionism which, based as it was on seventy years spent in the coal region of Pennsylvania, had an epic as well as an ethical ring. Social circumstances of peculiar importance to contemporary society were stressed in an address on the home, by the Reverend Dr. John M. Cooper, and in pertinent papers by other speakers. "Work and play have passed out of the home," said Dr. Cooper, "and it was through this means that the home did its work. The domestic revolution has been a by-product of the industrial revolution and will not be solved soon." Bishop McDevitt, of Harrisburg, drew attention in an eloquent sermon to the lesson of

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social solidarity illustrated by the British coal strike. Altogether, it is evident that the leaders of the conference are thinking, are earnestly striving to better unsatisfactory conditions, and are eminently deserving of general Catholic support.

DR. BRADLEY STOUGHTON recently gave the Yale Chapter of Sigma Xi a very good talk on the subject of materialism. This "subtle danger," he affirmed, must be combated by science for the sake of civilization no less than for the sake of its own health. And it is indeed a notable fact that creative scientists, whose dicta were glibly quoted a generation ago to substantiate "proofs" of a wholly mechanistic cosmos, have lately inaugurated critical inquiries which seem to explode all theories of monism and to establish the spiritual character of the human being. Many of these men go even further. They concede earnestly that if society becomes blind to everything excepting the quantities and utilities with which science is concerned, there may come a time when the human intellect will be so myopic and feeble that creative achievement will cease even in the laboratories. Meanwhile, an age which is so utterly dependent upon the actions of "mass mentality" must be concerned, with Dr. Stoughton, over prevalent popular materialism. The point is, he said very well, "not whether there is now a more widespread enjoyment of beauty and culture, but whether the mental attitude of the majority of mankind is of a more spiritual and reverent nature, or if it is more self-indulgent and material."

IT HAPPENS that this same point is made in a number of letters which have come to us since the conclusion of the Dante Prize Contest. The belief is stressed that though an individual may begin the study of the Divine Comedy with purely scholarly intentions, he will in the end be deeply, unforgettably moved by the faith, the humility, and the reverence of Dante. One might almost say that the surest way to distinguish between thought and writing conceived in the spirit of Christendom, and thought and writing born of other views of life, is to see whether the work in question displays the "spiritual and reverent attitude" described by Dr. Stoughton. The fact that during recent years it has been conspicuously absent from the major portion of the American literary output is, therefore, disquieting. But if we earnestly wish it to reappear, if we sincerely believe that society without it faces a "subtle danger," then obviously we must be as willing to take the preliminary steps as to welcome the goal attained. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks once declared that an American renaissance, so intensely desired by many, would "not get very far unless it developed the guild-spirit." We might add to this "spirit" a very necessary "flesh," in so far as the intellectual expression of Christendom in the United States is concerned. Agencies of distribution, the subsidy of creative effort, the encouragement of investigation—all these and more are so many furrows from which the crop must rise. And so we repeat what was already stated in these columns upon an appropriate occasion: that Mr. John S. Leahy's award, through The Commonweal, of a substantial prize for effort wholly aloof from mere practical concerns, is an example which invites imitation for reasons directly touching the vitality and normal development of our common civilization.

THROUGH one of its committees, the New York State Crime Commission recently formulated a series of reflections upon the way in which the press deals with crime. The "detail" of newspaper presentation of lurid murders or divorce scandals was voted "a public menace," so-called "waves of crime" news were scored as mere circulation-getting devices, and it was observed that the great mass of objectionable facts now placed before crowds of readers "tend to injure the morals of the young." These statements are, of course, debatable. A good statistician could object that the conclusions arrived at by the Crime Commission are not supported by any considerable body of direct evidence. Nevertheless, few would assert that a public which buys newspapers in the hope of treating itself to a bath of filth or bloody horror is thereby rendered any cleaner or more respectable. Older readers can remember that the detailed setting-forth of the Harry Thaw case was widely considered so frank as to be positively dangerous and degrading. We have gone a few hundred thousand miles further since that time, and a certain morbid appetite is not yet appeased. The state is straining every nerve to teach whole millions of people to read abominable and nauseating scurrilities. One therefore reads with pleasure these editorial comments by the New York World: "It would be an excellent thing if the press itself—frankly admitting its great emphasis upon crime, frankly admitting the existence of partisan crime reporting, the occasional use of trickery to add interest and the occasional appearance of the wholly 'manufactured' story—should take the lead in an investigation. Calling on the theatre, the law, medicine, and other professions to establish order in their respective houses, the press cannot ignore responsibilities of its own."

IN DISMISSING a suit brought by one Morris Trenk to annul his marriage to Esther Trenk, who has been an inmate of an asylum for four years, on the ground of insanity, Supreme Court Justice Mitchell declared that he did so "to preserve the integrity of the marital relation," in the maintenance of which, as he pointed out, "society has such a direct interest that the courts will not decree a dissolution because a misfortune of this kind has overtaken one of the parties subsequent to the marriage and cast its shadow over the happiness of both." The judgment is supported by a recent decision of Chief Judge Cardozo of the Court of Appeals, which declares : "There is an instinctive revolt against the notion that infirmity of the mind

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shall be used as a pretense for relief against satiety of the body." At the same time there is a possibility that a way may be opened for those whom such judgments oppose. At the last session of the legislature a bill was passed permitting a suit of this kind to be tried if it can be shown that the mentally unbalanced party has been afflicted for five years. The dangers inherent in such legislation are exposed by Maurice B. Blumenthal, the guardian appointed for Mrs. Trenk. "The Governor has not yet approved the new bill," he says, "and I sincerely hope he will disapprove it. With this repulsive means of annulling a marriage on the ground of insanity, there has been provided a dangerous and vicious assault upon the sacredness of the institution of marriage which will make it the football of every unscrupulous alienist."

FOUR German universities hold celebrations this year in honor of the anniversaries of their foundation —Breslau, Würzburg, Tübingen, and Marburg. The two latter present features of outstanding interest to us. Tübingen, which dates from 1447, was the centre of the so-called Tübingen school of theology which, under the influence of Ferdinand Christian Baur (1825-60) originated the rationalistic approach to biblical interpretation, so alarming to Newman and others connected with the Oxford movement. Oddly enough there had been, at an earlier date, another Tübingen school celebrated for its meticulous adherence to the literal interpretation of the Bible—a school which was thus the antipodes of the later and much better-known movement. Marburg is a place of even greater interest, for, apart from the fact that it was the scene of the Marburg Conference at which Luther, Zwingli, and others of the Protestant movement vainly endeavored to adjust their differences, it was the scene of the life and death of "the dear Saint Elizabeth" of the Germans. She was, as is universally known, Saint Elizabeth of Hungary; she was born in 1207, died in 1231, and was canonized by Pope Gregory IX in 1235. Much of her life was spent at the magnificent fortress-palace of the Wartburg not far off. The ex-kaiser, who seems to have had a great devotion to this saint, often stayed there. He used her room as his own, and had it lined with a series of Salviati mosaics picturing the events of her life. Here also Luther translated the Bible, and in the course of his labors threw his inkpot at the devil. The visitor, when shown the little room which was the scene of this event, will be amused to see that Lutheran pilgrims, searching for sacred relics it must be supposed, have removed every fragment of the plaster where the inkpot made its stain. But it is the gracious and gentle memory of Elizabeth which really fills that historic and beautiful building.

THE road of adventure led, eighty years or so ago, from New England over the prairies and thence by the overland trail to California. Nowadays the American heart is stirred by memories of so much romance, in which hardship of a very real sort was endured for the sake of the twin rainbows that hung suspended at the journey's end—gold, and that prodigal Californian climate which Spaniards had already then blended with the beauty of their faith, their architecture, and their names. But in one staunch, representative heart the days of the covered wagon still abide as a memory of reality. Ina Coolbrith, poet-laureate of California, made the journey across the vast central wildernesses as a girl of nine; and so, in commemorating her eighty-fifth birthday recently, faithful friends were remembering also the history of their national past. There happens to be just now much commendable talk about a statue to symbolize the American pioneer woman. But while we are welcoming plans for this artistic image, we might well remember that Miss Coolbrith is that woman, glorified by the gift of poetry. Her lyrics, her long years of literary life side by side with dozens of the makers of significant American books, represent as nothing else can the real feminine share in a vast adventure which has been not merely financial or social, but spiritual and emotional as well. She is a figure of both greatness and charm. Who could more worthily illustrate to the present generation the heroine of American history?

THE death of Monsignor Robert Seton, Archbishop of Heliopolis, removes from the scene a noble and picturesque figure, long associated with the diocese of Newark, and with the activities of the Papal Court in Rome. He was eighty-seven years of age at the time of his death and represented not only an ancient Scottish family associated with the eventful life of Mary, Queen of Scots, but also the splendid heritage of his grandmother, Mother Elizabeth Seton, the founder of the Sisters of Charity in New York and New Jersey. Archbishop Seton was born at Pisa, Italy, in 1839, and received his education at Mount St. Mary's, Emmetsburg. He was one of the first American students of the American College in Rome, was ordained to the priesthood in 1865, and was graduated from the Ecclesiastical Academy in Rome in 1867. He became a private chamberlain of Pope Pius IX, and later returned to New Jersey, where he served as chaplain to the Convent and Academy of Saint Elizabeth, at Convent Station, and became rector of Saint Joseph's Church in Jersey City. In 1903 he was consecrated Archbishop of Heliopolis, and passed his later years in Rome, highly appreciated for his devotion to the Church and for the charming social qualities which endeared him to so many. During this period, he was a correspondent of the New York Times. In his old age he returned to America and took up his residence at Saint Elizabeth's Convent and College, named after his revered grandmother. It was among her devoted daughters that he passed to his great reward after a long life of priestly and literary labor.

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SHOULD A CATHOLIC BE PRESIDENT?

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. CHARLES MARSHALL

SIR:—Governor Smith has said that he will answer the open letter addressed to him by you and published in the April number of the Atlantic Monthly. As Governor Smith is well known to be a man who always speaks for himself, it would be impertinent for anybody else to attempt to answer your letter in so far as it directly concerns him, and his presumed candidacy for the presidential nomination. But your letter being public, and raising questions and problems of a fundamental political and religious importance, the discussion of its subject-matter seems to be a proper concern for others than Governor Smith and you; indeed, such discussion is invited by the responsible journal in which your letter is printed. The Commonweal, therefore, ventures to offer certain opinions which we hope may help to bring about the end you yourself desire, which is, the consideration in a spirit of fairness and tolerance of the main question you raise—namely, can a loyal and conscientious Catholic American, if elected to the Presidency of the republic, conscientiously support and defend the American Constitution and sincerely and without equivocation uphold the principles of civil and religious liberty on which American institutions are based?

First of all, The Commonweal is aware of your profound religious conviction and habit, and respectfully acknowledges your competence as a student of religious and political questions. In a recent letter to this journal in connection with the Marlborough case, you said that you did not address your letter to us "in any caviling spirit, but in a spirit of honest inquiry by one who has given some years of study to Roman Catholic claims and who loves the religion of the Latin Church although he is quite unable to accept what seems to him its factitious and purely non-religious accretions." In brief, you are a man sincerely and deeply concerned with what we of this journal believe to be the primary concern of all intelligent men and women—namely, religion.

The question you raise is of prime interest and importance to some twenty million American Catholics and also, necessarily, to all Americans of other religious beliefs, or of no religious beliefs. Moreover, your question does not relate merely to the Presidency. The Presidency is the highest one of a series of public offices and responsibilities and duties which by the theory and in the practice of constitutional principles are open to all American citizens equally—the sole distinction that separates the Presidency from the other offices being that its incumbent shall be an American citizen by right of birth, while the lesser offices are open to naturalized as well as to born citizens. Tremendous as are the powers of the President, however, after all he is not an absolute ruler; he simply shares, though of course his share is the largest, in the sum total of civil responsibility that rests upon all elected or appointed public officials or representatives. If a President cannot or should not be trusted to uphold the Constitution and support the principles of civil and religious liberty on which American institutions are based, simply because he is a Catholic, neither can or should any Catholic be trusted with any public office. Logically indeed —and you, Sir, as your letter to Governor Smith plainly and somewhat painfully shows, are well accustomed to let your mind follow premises to their extreme conclusions—logically, we repeat, no Catholic can or should be trusted even to vote for the election of any public official, or in any other way to take any part whatsoever in public affairs, if once it be clearly, squarely and fairly established that no Catholic can or should be President because his religious beliefs are really irreconcilable with the Constitution and with the principles of civil and religious liberty on which American institutions are based.

Without in any way impugning your sincerity, or questioning your own conviction that your question is of immediate and paramount importance, The Commonweal thinks that it is essentially so academic and theoretical a question as practically to be without particular significance to any save purely legalistic minds, on the one hand, or that much larger number of people whose thinking on this subject proceeds from inherited prejudice. It really seems to us that to ask Governor Smith, or any other Catholic who may be a candidate for the Presidency or for any other elective office, how he would act in the case of a hypothetical conflict between the principles of the American Constitution and the religious dogmas of the Catholic Church, is like asking a man what he is planning to do in case a comet should hit the earth, or if a tidal wave should rush in from the Atlantic or the Pacific, submerging the whole country. Theoretically, either of these events may occur—today, tomorrow, a century hence, or a million years from now. Scientific principles and facts would seem to support the view that some time or other a comet may collide with the earth, or that some eruption in the bed of some ocean may or might cause the inundation of whole continents, as may have happened in the case of the lost Atlantis. But practical men or governments are as yet not taking any measures to save us from such catastrophes.

Practical Americans, instead of fleeing from the shadow of Giant Pope, are more likely to remember that thousands and tens of thousands of American Catholics have been elected or appointed to public office, from such posts as the chief justiceship

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of the Supreme Court, or cabinet positions, or chairs in the Senate, down to the humblest political positions. They have been entrusted with high command in the army and navy. They have marched and fought in all the wars of the United States. It is true that never until now has the question practically arisen as to whether an individual Catholic should be investigated or interrogated because of the imminent probability of his nomination as a candidate for the Presidency. But the Presidency, to repeat, is not the instrument of a supreme autocrat nor of an oligarchy. A President, like a governor, a senator, a congressman, a judge, and many other officials of high and low degree, takes an oath to support the Constitution and to uphold American laws. The American President alone cannot pass a law or an amendment to the Constitution. He is an executive officer. He alone cannot conclude treaties with any foreign power, either with the Vatican or any other; nor can he declare war, even on Mexico. Even if any President desired for any private or religious reason to commit a treasonable act or to over-ride the Constitution, and should attempt to do so, he could be, and undoubtedly very promptly would be, removed from office by impeachment.

It is true that outbursts from time to time of a rather low and ignorant type of religious bigotry have challenged or even obstructed the entrusting of public office to Catholics. It is also true that other Americans who are not bigots have been and now are uncertain, to say the least, as to how far Catholic beliefs, when rigidly and logically carried into practical effect, may or might come into conflict with principles of the American polity. But it is quite certain that neither sporadic bigotry nor the honest doubt of a minority of minds has affected the political behaviour of the American people.

The issue raised by you, Sir, which is really practical and important, is the issue of alleged divided loyalty. This is the bugaboo which haunts and troubles you and other honest men; and which when it inflames the minds of less reasonable and more emotional people, who have been brought up in a tradition of suspicion and distrust of Catholicism, incites them to the most anti-social type of violence and aggression. Governor Smith and thousands and thousands of other American Catholics have answered the practical aspects of your main questions over and over again. Their answer has been accepted to the full satisfaction of a vast majority of their fellow-Americans, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew, agnostic, or atheist.

There remains, however, another question. In being loyal to the American Constitution and American principles, have Governor Smith and the tens of thousands of other American Catholics elected to office, also been loyal to the Catholic Church? The Commonweal believes that any fair mind familiar with the Constitution of the United States, and the history behind that Constitution, and familiar with Catholic dogma, and with the relation of the American Constitution and the history behind it to the Catholic idea of the state, will answer that second question as the first has been answered—emphatically in the affirmative.

The Commonweal also believes that all these Catholics have been loyal both to their country and to their Church when they took their oath of office. The Commonweal believes, furthermore, that these Catholic executives, legislators, judges, soldiers and sailors, aldermen or policemen, would not have been nor could be loyal Catholics if they refused to take their oaths of office, or if they took them with anything resembling a mental reservation. For The Commonweal believes that the great principles of the Catholic Church, as applied to countries with a mixed religious population —principles which are included even in the brief quotations from the Popes made by you, Sir—are identical, or at least are thoroughly consonant, with those principles upon which the United States of America was founded and her Constitution built.

It is always misleading to quote a few words out of their context or out of relation to the specific conditions which gave rise to them. Even the meaning of the Constitution demands constant interpretation by the Supreme Court, and isolated passages have to be read in relation to the whole document and in the light of plain common sense and changing conditions, and new modes of application to specific instances. Therefore, the quotations made by you from papal utterances which superficially seem to bear out your contention that they are proofs of the conflict between Catholic dogmas and American political principles, are misleading. We cannot deal with them fully or in detail because whole volumes would have to be written to elucidate single sentences. It should also be remembered that not every papal utterance comes under the heading of ex cathedra or absolutely authoritative teaching. Papal encyclicals represent the considered opinion of an individual Pope, based upon the considered opinions of his counselors or advisors, but not always and of necessity do they lay down the binding laws of the Church.

In many instances, individual Catholics might be wholly justified in saying as certain Irish political leaders said—that they take their religion from Rome but not their politics. Nor do they take their economic systems; nor their methods of painting pictures, building bridges, or playing golf. Catholics certainly would give to any and all opinions uttered by their Popes or their bishops most respectful consideration, just as all reasonable American citizens would give a respectful hearing to any and all decisions handed down by their Supreme Court, but they would not necessarily consider all of them absolutely sound.

The essential thing in connection with these papal quotations is this, namely, that here we are discussing the prevailing opinion of Catholic thought about the state, and discussing it only as it relates to the American Constitution. We are not discussing the Mexican,

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the French, the Turkish, or the Haitian constitutions. Moreover, we are not discussing the theories of the Catholic Church on some theoretical and ideal universal Christian state, in which all the people belong to the Catholic Church and accept the same moral standards. Many of the quotations which you make, Sir, refer only to such a theoretical or ideal state, much as if this journal were to say that the ideal municipality should have no policemen, because every citizen would voluntarily and as it were instinctively obey the law, and hence all would really be policemen.

The essence of the Catholic idea of the state, as we of The Commonweal see it—of a state like the American, in which half the population professes no religious belief, and the rest are unequally divided between Protestants, Jews, and Catholics—is simply that moral law may at times actually be superior to man-made law. In this sense, not only Catholics, but all believers in the moral law are theoretically liable to come into conflict, individually or collectively, with laws of the state, if or when such state laws positively clash with moral laws. And we think that this idea, the idea that moral is superior to man-made law, is the most fundamental idea in American governance.

The American Constitution, framed to meet the actual conditions of the last two centuries, grew out of this idea. It grew out of a struggle between the law-making power of Great Britain and the American colonists. If the colonists had not believed that certain rights of man were superior to the repressive laws of Great Britain, they would not have had occasion to rebel against the authority of the British state. They would not have become the traitors they were held to be by the British state. Nor would they have become that nation which today Great Britain regards as its equal and its companion in civilization. It was precisely because the British state tried to transgress what the American colonists believed were the supreme moral rights of human beings that the colonists rebelled, and felt justified in rebelling—and who among their descendants would not say that they were right in rebelling against the binding authority of the British state, and breaking their allegiance to it?

And the fathers of the new American state framed their own Constitution with the single idea that the American government should never do to any part of its citizens what Great Britain had tried to do to the colonists. They inserted the first twelve amendments as a bill of rights to protect minorities—thus to set a limit to the domain of man-made law and protect the supreme moral rights of individuals and groups of individuals. In effect they said that "there are certain moral rights which are superior even to the wishes of a majority"—and probably half of the work of the Supreme Court ever since has been to set a limit to the powers of state legislatures and of Congress to transgress those moral rights.

Now that is exactly what the Catholic Church means in saying that the laws of God—the Author of the moral law—must be supreme. And the same idea did not die with the authors of the Constitution. It is not Catholics alone who place moral law first. Let us give an extreme example to prove the point clearly. Suppose that Congress should legislate compulsory polygamy. Would the Catholic citizen be the only conscientious objector and the only one to disobey such a law? What of the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Jews? What of every man, religious or not, who stood by the American principle of freedom of conscience in the conduct of his private life? There would be thousands upon thousands of non-Catholic Americans who would disobey such a law, and each one would do so on the ground that his own moral law, as determined by his own conscience—or by whatever authority, the Bible or otherwise, he accepts—was superior as a last appeal to this act of Congress.

Of course, the really important point is that Congress has no power to pass such a law or the President to enforce it. The Constitution expressly forbids it—just as it forbade the enactment of a law in Oregon denying the right of citizens to educate their children in schools of their own choice. Americans believe, as King Canute of legendary ridicule found out, that some things are reserved to God—or, if you prefer, to God as expressed in nature. It is not only the ocean's tides that man cannot stop. There are moral tides which no body of men, even though they represent a nation, may try to check. Americans, with their supreme gift of common sense, know this. That is why we have a Constitution of the kind we have. That is why countries whose constitutions do not protect minorities as ours does, have piled disorder upon disorder.

It is unfortunate that, in a matter of so much importance, you do not give to the inquiring reader the usual assistance of adequate references for your citations of Supreme Court decisions, which you believe to support your position. You refer on two occasions to the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Watson vs. Jones. In one citation of this opinion, that in which the Court states that this government recognizes no heresy, the page reference is exact and sufficient. But in the rather more important quotation to the effect that religious liberty must be understood as limited by any actions which might prove contrary to the peace and security of the state, you fail to give the page reference. We have had communications from diligent searchers to the effect that they have been unable to find this passage in the Supreme Court decision to which reference is made. Although further search of this very long decision should reveal the passage in question, it would certainly be a gracious and helpful gesture on your part to supplement your letter with more specific page citations.

Your oversight, however, has extended far beyond the technical point of reference pages. The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Watson vs. Jones, when read in its entirety, not only gives an impression differing considerably from that given by your brief

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quotations, but it actually supplies, in judicial wording, one of the strongest possible answers to the very questions which you raise. It is difficult to understand how, in your search for truth and enlightenment in this matter, you failed to gain comfort from these other passages in the decision. Thus we find (Wallace, Volume XIII, pages 730-1) the Court quoting with approval the words of Chancellor Johnson of the Court of Appeals in South Carolina in the case of Harmon vs. Breher to the following effect: "The structure of our government has, for the preservation of civil liberty, rescued the temporal institutions from religious interference. On the other hand, it has secured religious liberty from the invasion of the civil authority."

And again, on the following page (Wallace, XIII, page 732) we find the Court quoting with distinct approval the opinion of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in the case of the German Reformed Church vs. Seibert as follows: "The decisions of ecclesiastical courts, like every other judicial tribunal, are final, as they are the best judge of what constitutes an offense against the word of God and the discipline of the Church." It is very far from our intention to enter on a detailed discussion of constitutional law in this country, but we would be quite derelict in our attitude as interested readers of your letter if we did not refer you, and your and our readers, to the above passages in the same opinion upon which you base so important a part of your inquiry!

Curiously enough, some people, including you, Sir, seem to resent the fact that the Popes assume the right of telling the individual Catholic what the moral law is that he should hold supreme. We don't know why you should resent this, for it is only binding on those who voluntarily accept it. Moreover, if a Christian church exists at all, it surely exists to pass on the moral teachings of Christ—just as surely as the Supreme Court exists to pass on and interpret the civil principles stated in a condensed form in the Constitution. You cannot be so un-American in your principles as to believe that a church must be a church consisting entirely of Americans before it can claim the right to interpret moral law for its own members. Should a large body of Americans subscribe to the moral teachings of some Hindu teacher, ought they thereby to forfeit their right to hold office in the American government? That would be to set up a new form of national religion—a demand that we should accept only those moral teachings originated by Americans; a negative national religion to be sure, but none the less a national religion. And that is not only contrary to American common sense. It is expressly prohibited by the Constitution.

Of course, we are quite aware that the Church, believing itself to be the appointed Church of Christ, has asserted in His Name, the moral right to interpret dogma and doctrine for all mankind, going forth, as it were, "to teach all nations." But the belief in one's moral right to do something, and the assertion of one's legal right to enforce the acquiescence of all men, are two vastly different things. As any Catholic knows, not every applicant is received into the Catholic Church. The Church accepts as converts only those who give adequate proof of a genuine faith in the teachings of the Church. Lip service is not enough. And every Catholic knows that the Church considers faith a divine gift—not something that can or should be imposed. And with an understanding of this simple principle, which every Catholic boy or girl learns from his primer Catechism, the whole bogey of a Catholic Church demanding the legal right to enforce its beliefs on everybody disappears like a foolish nightmare. Christ Himself—as all Christians believe—taught with divine authority. He claimed the moral right to teach all nations. But He sought no civil authority to enforce the spread of His teachings. That, in brief, is the Catholic position, as every Catholic knows it, and that is the only interpretation which any fair-minded man must place on the moral claims of the Church.

And so we repeat that the American in any walk of life who takes an oath to support the American Constitution is swearing to do the thing nearest his own heart—to support an idea of the state which recognizes the separate domain of the civil and moral law—of Caesar and God. We are not talking about abstract and possible constitutions. We are talking about the American Constitution of today, as it stands, and as every honest American hopes it will always stand, so long as our nation is made up, as it is, from the peoples and the beliefs of the entire earth. And to that Constitution which states that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof"—to that Constitution which, in those very words, asserts the inviolability of moral law, American Catholics give their full and undivided allegiance, not in spite of belonging to the Catholic Church, but largely because they are Catholics.

In doing this, they are not in the slightest degree disloyal to the express teachings of the Catholic Church as applied to the kind of society in which Americans live and work. Perhaps the Baptists would be pleased to see all Americans embrace their faith. Perhaps the Episcopalians would rejoice to see a hundred million voluntary converts to the Episcopal Church. Perhaps as Catholics, we, too, would like to see all men in voluntary religious accord. But dreams are not facts. Americans are not the only people on earth blessed with common sense. The idea of the state for which the Catholic Church stands in a land such as ours is the same idea for which the colonists came to this country; for which Catholic Englishmen founded Maryland, the corner-stone of the national edifice of religious liberty; for which the signers of the Declaration of Independence gladly risked the gallows, and to which every God-fearing American today is dedicated in his heart.

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AUTOCRACY VERSUS CATHOLICISM

By WALTER LIPPMANN

(Two contrasted views of Fascism, the most important political development in the world today, are presented herewith. Don Luigi Sturzo's book, sections of which have appeared in The Commonweal, is reviewed sympathetically by Walter Lippmann, chief editorial writer of the New York World. Dr. Dino Bigongiari supports the conclusions of a new book which lauds the achievement of Mussolini. Attention is also drawn to a review of Italy's International Economic Position, by C. E. McGuire, which appears elsewhere in this issue.—The Editors.)

IT IS now understood that a sound opinion about Italian Fascism depends upon the solution of the historical question: Did the Fascists in 1922 save Italy from what is loosely called Bolshevism? The apologists of Mussolini stake their whole case upon the assertion that Italian society in 1922 was dissolving, and that the dictatorhip alone made possible the restoration of order and authority. Anti-Fascists recognize that if this account of what happened in 1922 is historically correct then there is a fundamental justification for the dictatorship. A mere recital of its brutalities, or even of its alleged threats to the peace of Europe, would not affect the main question. It would be finical to criticize the rescuer because he seized the drowning man roughly by the hair of his head, and hit him in the jaw to make him shut his mouth.

The anti-Fascists do not admit that Italy in 1922 was drowning. Don Sturzo as the leader of the Popular party, as well as men like Nitti and Salvemini, are unanimous in their insistence that the theory of Fascists as saviours of Italy is a fable invented by Fascists to cover an aggressive and reactionary coup d'état. "There was no peril of Bolshevism in Italy," says Don Sturzo, "nor did Fascism save her from it. If by Bolshevism is meant the agitations and disorders of 1919-20, up till the occupation of the factories, these were already past history, and the General Elections of May, 1921, were evidence of the state of mind of the country and of its constitutional normality." That is all the evidence Don Sturzo advances for his own contention, although no doubt he is aware of the other evidence which has been presented, not only by partisan Italian anti-Fascists like the historian Salvemini, but by more detached foreigners like McGuire.

But if Don Sturzo's book* throws no new light on the historical issue, it illuminates a much deeper and more permanent issue. Don Sturzo is a priest who in 1919 became the leader of the Partito Popolare designed to oppose both reaction and revolution. This party was, as he explains, careful from the beginning not to call itself a Catholic party "since religion should not be made a basis of political divisions." But it was nevertheless "easily recognizable as the expression of the Catholic social movement which, in fact, formed the strongest nucleus and the most active tendency in the Catholic associations." It marked the end, or at least the beginning of the end, of the policy of abstention which was laid down during the conflict with Cavour in the famous non expedit of 1867. The organization of this party was preceded by what Don Sturzo calls the "attenuation" allowed by Pius X in 1904, and by Signor Meda's entry into the 1916 Boselli cabinet.

Thus there came into existence in 1919, not a Catholic party, but a party of Catholics who derived their program from religious conceptions. They were immediately an important party, polling 1,200,000 votes to the 1,500,000 of the Socialists, and electing ninety-nine deputies out of 508. After 1922 they were, of course, overwhelmed by the Fascist revolution; their leader Don Sturzo is in exile.

But the conflict of principle between the Fascists and the Popolari remains. It is to this writer, a non-Catholic, the most interesting conflict of principle in the whole field of politics. For Fascism, wholly apart from its immediate history in Italy, is the logical and uncompromising development of the autocratic state. It is an unqualified assertion of the civil power, an absolute centralization of authority in the political state, a resolute denial that there may exist any centre of authority outside that of the state. This is called in Italy totalitaria. There are no rights of man, no rights of the family, no rights of association, lay or spiritual, which are independent of the complete authority of the state.

To such a doctrine Don Sturzo is naturally opposed, and in this opposition he seems to me a moving and gracious representative of a body of fundamentally liberal doctrine which the modern world owes to the Catholic Church. The first Whig, said Lord Acton, was Saint Thomas Aquinas, who laid the foundation of that reverence for natural law to which all who resist the overweening pretensions of the political state have appealed. The great antagonist, the supreme source of Fascist theory is, of course, Machiavelli.

In the modern post-Reformation world, Machiavelli's ideas have won, and in the current political philosophy the state is conceived as "unitary, omnipotent, and irresistible." But there has always been an opposing philosophy in which the state was conceived as one corporation with limited and derived powers, existing among other corporations which were autonomous, and endowed with inalienable rights. If I read history correctly, the world owes this conception to the Catholic thinkers who worked it out in their great conflicts with the kings and nobles. Fundamentally it seems to me the only conception of politics which is consistent with a free and civilized life.

**Italy and Fascism, by Luigi Sturzo; translated by Barbara Carter. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $3.75.*

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MUSSOLINI: SERVANT OF ITALY

By DINO BIGONGIARI

FASCISM,* like everything that Prezzolini writes, is indeed worth reading. It is an objective, keen, original presentation of the movement as it appeared at the close of 1924. Its connection with the war and post-war conditions in Italy is masterfully treated, and the reader feels all along that the author strives to clear events of their passionate coloring, and to examine them in the light of historical validity.

Unfortunately, the book was written under the impression of the Matteotti case, and that death seems to weigh heavily upon the whole presentation. Under its shadow, minor issues keep pressing to the fore, issues which, though conspicuous at the moment, were destined to be ephemeral and to have no bearing on subsequent developments.

The despondent mood of the moment is voiced by the general pessimism which pervades the entire volume. There is very little light and hopefulness in this book of Prezzolini's. We see an Italy oppressed by an unfortunate history, issuing from a terrific struggle, disappointed by the peace treaties, abandoned by the Allies, exasperated by socialistic tyranny and stupidity, humiliated at home, reviled abroad, threatened with famine, which passively, defensively, almost desperately, in 1921, falls together ready to follow any rescuer, anywhere. Mussolini appears; the inert mass is galvanized, and Fascism begins.

We find in this analysis an exaltation of the personality of the Duce obtained by the denial of those very values which are the source both of his grandeur and of the regenerated life of Italy. Prezzolini is not the only man to identify Fascism with Mussolini. There are many and important party leaders who consider the new state a creation of the Duce, which indeed will live on for the greater good of Italy, but which none the less has proceeded directly and immediately from his all-powerful genius. It is the old story over again, to be answered with the old reply, viz., that the best makers of history are those who have been most completely made by it, and that the greatest individuality is the highest participation of universality. It is the vitality of the Italian people, the force of a great tradition striving toward an arduous goal, the creative national idea, which long ago united the scattered elements of the country; which welded them anew by the sacrifices of the world war; and which, when the crisis came, could be counted upon to resist the forces of disintegration. This victorious resistance is Fascism.

Fascism is therefore a genuine phase of Italian nationalism conditioned by the particular nature of Italian history and by the urgent need to bring national ideals in contact with economic and social problems of contemporary life. Fascism is not Mussolini. It is the destructive and constructive historical affirmation of the national ideals that from the few makers of the Risorgimento have passed into the masses of those who in a three-year vigil of death, in their readiness for sacrifice, in their humiliations, and in their final exaltation, discovered a new consciousness, a higher life, a spiritual communion, and a love of duty. Italian life in its bulk had been tainted by two defects which in reality proceed from one principle: lack of earnestness and absence of religious reverence. The progressive task of regeneration has therefore been a constant struggle against these shortcomings. The war burned out of our souls the conviction of a limited individualistic satisfaction in material joys. It gave us a sense of our place in history and of our function in life. It revealed to many who had never suspected it the existence of something greater than our persons, something to which our individuality must be sacrificed, a higher substance which is the source of our better being. This realization of the insignificance of man in his materialistic individuality, and of his divinity when morally and historically regarded, was understood, or felt, or somehow grasped, in the passion of the trenches, and, borne home by the returning soldiers, was preached virginibus puerisque. The ensuing ardor and faith of the young generation is the spirit of Fascism.

And Mussolini therefore is not the molder of a new nation; he is not, as Prezzolini would have him, the clever pilot of a foundering boat. He is the best, beyond all comparison the most powerful and capable, servant of a great tradition, who has led to victory, not elements shaped by himself, but comrades who follow him as their best guide, as the supreme advocate of their cause, the embodiment of their best aspirations.

The adaptation of ideals to needs, the adjustment of individual and group exigencies to the finalities of Italian history, which requires the direction of a controlling personality until the fervor of ideals is crystallized in the efficacy of institutions, this part which is Fascism today does not, and could not, appear in Prezzolini's work.

The book was written before the constituent work of the Fascist Revolution was started. There is no mention here of the stupendous labor legislation, of the organic plans of financial reconstruction, of the reform of the codes, of all those institutional activities, in short, that are to make viable the results of Fascism beyond the life of any generation or human being. It is to be hoped that Prezzolini will dedicate a new volume to these recent developments, for no one is better qualified intellectually to treat the problem.

**Fascism, by Giuseppe Prezzolini, translated by Kathleen Macmillan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.*

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MISS ANGLIN SAYS, "UP TO YOU"

By R. DANA SKINNER

IN CONFERRING the Laetare Medal upon Margaret Anglin, Notre Dame University has done more than honor the recipient personally. The university confers this medal annually upon some American Catholic who has rendered distinguished service in art, literature, sciences, or in public affairs. The list is already a long and honorable one and in many instances women have been the recipients. But in recognizing that service worthy of this distinction may be found on the stage, the university has honored, not only Miss Anglin, but all representatives of the best endeavors in the profession. In her own words, "I am merely the fortunate medium!"

It becomes doubly interesting, therefore, to real lovers of the theatre to know how Miss Anglin herself feels about the many controversies raging in the theatre of today. I am going to take the liberty of paraphrasing a few of the more striking ideas which Miss Anglin expressed recently in conversation, partly because of the natural public interest in her views at the present moment, but even more because they seem to me to express that essential sanity without which any discussion of the modern theatre would fall rapidly into vituperation, abuse, and a fog of meaningless words.

Let me say at the outset that Miss Anglin is probably the last person to set herself up as a theatrical uplifter. "The stage cannot be limited," she says, "to the expression of dull or sentimental platitudes. It must sum up the great emotions of life and their never-ending conflict. And in doing so, it can never escape the problem of good and evil. But there is a vast difference between expressing emotions and exhibiting in detail all their results. There is a vast difference between showing the consequences of crime and placing the crime itself upon the stage, with all its lurid details. There is no reason why a play should be immoral or create dangerous mental suggestions simply because some of its principal characters are themselves immoral. In the case of the more normal sins of mankind, it is quite impossible to illustrate the struggles of life without making use of the evil forces at work as well as the good.

"But at this point I do make an important distinction. Just as it is quite unnecessary to use vulgarity and coarseness in speech in order to convey the full power of an idea, it is totally unnecessary for the stage to be coarse and degrading in order to tell of the conflict of life forces. There are limits beyond which illustrative scenes on the stage do more harm to drama than good. Of course, personal taste is the ruling power in deciding such matters. There are many of the classic dramas in which murders take place on the stage, yet if any playwright tried to depict a particularly horrible murder—for example, one of mutilation—I am sure that even the present-day public would find it revolting. The extremes are easy to recognize. The difficulty comes in deciding in specific plays whether they outrage an instinctive sense of decency or simply heighten the dramatic action in a legitimate way. That is where the danger comes in discussions of censorship, and where grave injustice is likely to creep in.

"In a general way, there is practically the same distinction between the fine theatre and the vulgar theatre as there is between fine art and humdrum photography. Most of the sins of the current theatre are committed in the name of realism. As a matter of fact, what the fine theatre seeks is not realism, but reality—not great photographic detail about some particular incident, but the vital reality of the emotions at work not only in the particular play, but in the same kind of situations in life at large. An honest play must be really larger than its own plot, much truer to life in general than to the particular time, place, and costumes in which it is set. When a play has this kind of integrity, it very seldom over-reaches the mark of decency, good taste, and common sense.

"This brings me to another point. In the mad search for sensation, a number of dramatists and producers have lately turned to abnormal crimes and vices as the subject-matter of their plays. Here again I feel very strongly. I do not agree for a moment that every vice is a fit subject-matter for the stage. We have learned a lot in the last few years about the practical workings of psychology. In one way or another, we have always reckoned with this as far back as history goes; that too much talk about certain kinds of vice leads to an increase in the practice of the vice itself. But it has remained for science in recent years to show just how great is the danger to the individual in half-informed discussion on matters that only doctors, and the best doctors at that, are capable of handling.

"I am far from a believer in the so-called 'conspiracy of silence' charged against our grandmothers. But I think I am only being fair to the stage itself when I say that the theatre is not the best medium for discussing all aspects of life. Any doctor can tell you how dangerous it is to suggest to a patient that he may have this or that abnormal tendency. A suggestion of this sort made at the wrong time and when the doctor himself is not present to give the right counteracting suggestion, may result in all sorts of morbid thoughts, fears, and even in a state of mind that might easily lead to insanity. Plays dealing with the abnormal and unusual vices which, at best, concern only a very few people in the world, are neither universal in their

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strength as art, nor safe in the social effects they are likely to have.

"The theatre is not a clinic nor an operating-room. To try to make the theatre take the place of a mental surgeon is as lacking in good sense as to put on the stage in full detail an appendicitis operation. Some great moral conflicts are everybody's business because we are all apt to meet them whether in mild forms or severe ones. Other moral conflicts are so special as to be only the business of doctors and their patients. There is nothing more powerful than an idea guided by strong and intelligent minds. There is nothing more disruptive and dangerous than an idea let loose in the world without a thought of its consequences."

It is quite safe to say, then, that without being in any way a professional reformer, Miss Anglin does believe in using a large measure of common sense and good taste in discriminating between plays. The devotion which she herself has shown for years in bringing the great classics, including the Greek dramas, before the American public, is evidence enough of the kind of theatre for which she stands. But after all, the problem of the present day goes beyond mere theory. I was anxious to discover what an actress of Miss Anglin's reputation and position would suggest as a remedy for conditions which most people deplore. I put the question to her this way: "Where do you feel the greatest responsibility lies under present conditions, and what do you think ought to be done about it, if anything?"

Miss Anglin is nothing if not direct. "The responsibility lies with you," she replied. "By you, I mean the general mass of people who agree that things aren't as they should be. And very particularly I mean those people who have plenty of money to devote to the support of fine music, good opera, symphony orchestras, and the great museums, but who seem to feel that the stage is unworthy of their support.

"Let me make this very clear. I do not believe for a minute that a good theatre has to be endowed. In my own experience, for example, I have never lost a penny on the production of Greek plays—except in one case and that was due to obvious mismanagement and not to the play itself, or the public response to it. But I do know that there is no one on earth who can predict the power of any one given play to support itself. The theatre is a constant experiment, and all experiments require working capital. One success may more than make up the loss of three failures. But if that one success happens to be the fourth in a series of plays, you have to have enough money to carry through the failures until you reach the success. That is why so few of the large theatrical producers lose money over a long period of time. Fortunes lost in theatrical enterprises are generally lost in individual sums here and there by producers who gather together just enough money to produce one play and stake everything on that.

"Now you—always meaning people of means who calmly sit in judgment on the American theatre—have deliberately turned over the financing of the theatre to people who are looking for only one thing, sensational profits. You expect the born gamblers to produce all the plays and then wonder why the taste shown in the modern theatre falls to the level of the gambling type of mind. Whenever you turn over to somebody else something which you ought to be doing yourself, you share an equal responsibility with the others for whatever they do. Sometimes the sins of omission in this world are as great or greater than the sins of commission. Those well-intentioned people who sit back and criticize the stage of today and do nothing about it are deliberate shirkers.

"Every time you make possible, through underwriting the initial expense, the production of a fine play you are displacing a possible bad play. There are only a certain number of theatres in every city, and every time you fill one of them with a good play, you are reducing the number available for the other kind. But you are doing more than this! The minute you prove that the decent, strong, vital play, running on great and simple emotions, can pay for itself, and show a profit, you are talking to the rest of the theatre world in the only language they understand—results. When a group like the Neighborhood Playhouse produces The Dybbuk and shows the New York managers that a play of this kind can draw capacity audiences from every section of New York, you are doing the greatest possible thing to encourage the production of more plays of the same kind. It must have taken some courage for Miss Le Gallienne to put on so delightful and unusual a play as The Cradle Song, yet it has turned out to be the greatest financial success of her season. Do you think for a moment that commercial managers are not watching this, that her success is not making it easier for other playwrights to get a hearing with similar plays?

"The great mistake you all make is in thinking that anyone really knows what the public wants. The commercial managers have told you for so long that they are only giving the public what they want that you have come to believe them and to throw up your hands about the whole situation. There is no such thing as the great general theatre public. There are big groups who like one type of play and other groups who like another. Just as you yourself will like three or four quite different plays, so there are still larger groups who will go to any play well written, honestly given, and well produced. What we need in New York and Chicago and other great theatre centres is the active combination of a large number of people who have the courage of their own convictions to supply the financial sinews for more and constantly more producing groups animated by common sense and decent instincts.

"If you could talk, as I have talked during the last two years, with hundreds of actors, playwrights, scenic designers, and men of real business ability in the the-

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atre world, you would realize that the whole theatrical profession is getting very restless and uneasy about the present situation. The best elements in the theatre are all searching for some way out of the dilemma, for something that will free them from dependence on the gamblers for theatrical financing. It would be possible on forty-eight hours' notice, right here in New York, to start a theatre of the finest type, with some one person at its head and surrounded by a group of assistants whose capability amounts to genius. In fact, three or four such theatres could be established without beginning to exhaust the available material. They would be commercial theatres in the finest sense. But they would be founded, not to make sensational profits with plays on sensational subjects, but merely to earn a good sound business return figured over sufficiently long periods."

This suggestion tempted me to ask Miss Anglin if she had ever considered accepting the directorship of such a theatre herself. Her reply was equally to the point: "I am in no position to undertake such a work at the present, as I am actively engaged in other plans. But I have had enough experience in this kind of effort to realize that it can be done. Let me add that I am not by any means in favor of the idea of the actor-manager; that is, the actor or actress who undertakes the complete task of selecting plays, of financial management, of directing the production, in other words, of being a 'one-man band.' I am equally against division of responsibility among a group. The ideal arrangement is to have responsibility fixed in one person —whether an actor, or manager, or director, makes little difference—and to have the labor carefully divided among the company group. I do not believe it is the best plan for an actor to direct his own plays. He should have that humility toward his own art which makes him crave the direction of somebody else. I do think the responsibility should be centered in one person and the executive work divided among several. There is nothing more bewildering and nothing which leads to greater waste of money in the theatrical business than dealing with several heads to one enterprise. One person should be empowered to make the final decisions. But four or five people should do the work."

At this point I asked one more question, "Then you do feel quite hopeful that something constructive can be done to improve the standards of the stage?" At this Miss Anglin shook her head slowly, "I know that something can be done, that it can be done very easily," she said, "but I cannot feel hopeful until I see that you are ready to come out of your monastic seclusion and match your resources and influence with those of the gamblers who control the theatre at the present time. To be brutally frank, the only possible hope in the situation is strictly up to you!"

KOSCIUSZKO: PATRIOT OF POLAND

By S. A. ZAJKOWSKI

IN THE December 29, 1926, issue of The Commonweal, there appeared an article on Kosciuszko in which the author, the Reverend Joseph B. Koncevicius, attempted to prove that the well-known Polish hero of the American Revolution was a Lithuanian. "From all available documents," that article tells us, "including a will made by him [Kosciuszko] in Paris (in which he makes a direct statement) it appears conclusively that not alone was Kosciuszko a Lithuanian by birth, but that he was throughout his whole life a Lithuanian patriot." Presumably not many documents were available to the writer, for to prove his thesis he used but three. An abundance of documents, however, to be had at the National Museum of Kosciuszko in Rapperswyl, Switzerland, gives sufficient proof as to who and what Kosciuszko really was.

Let us examine the documents. It is true that Kosciuszko wrote in a letter to General Niesiolowski, "What am I if not a Lithuanian?", and to Czar Alexander I (June 10, 1815) "I am a Lithuanian born," and that he describes himself as "a native of Lithuania in Poland," in a will made in Paris. The conclusion drawn by the author from these statements seems far too bold, however, for on Kosciuszko's lips the word "Lithuanian" did not in the least mean "Lithuanian" in the sense in which it is used in the article in question. According to Kosciuszko, the term designated a citizen of that part of Poland which once belonged to Lithuania. That is why he could, "as to his nativity," describe "himself as a Lithuanian," as he did in the Paris will. That he was a Lithuanian by nationality cannot be proved from any letter or document. On the other hand, that he was not only "the national hero of Poland," but also a Polish patriot, is testified by his proclamation of September 30, 1794, which was given at Grodno:

"Comrades and fellow-citizens! . . . When I gaze upon the armed ranks of the Lithuanian troops, when I behold the citizens with whom fortune hath deigned to give me a common land of birth, when I behold in particular, men of valor, men who battle for the holiest of causes, for it is the cause of a wronged and partitioned mother country [was Lithuania ever partitioned?]—the feeling inspired within me by this sight—this feeling, the lips of a soldier who loves truth and thoroughness faithfully explain to you. . . . Brothers and comrades! If it be true, indeed, that thus far the fruits of your hardships and struggles do not entirely match your valor and bravery, a free people, I surely do not ascribe this to the superior prowess of

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our enemies, still less to your lack of courage (for what is more gallant than the Polish army); but I do ascribe it to the lack of confidence in our own strength and courage. . . . Knights gallant and free! Beware of those deceitful and harmful beliefs! Cast them from your hearts! They are not worthy of Poles! . . . Remember how your ancestors, how you yourselves, dispersed and defeated this people [Russians] whom only the timid and persons hostile to our country proclaim as mighty. A few thousand of your forefathers were able to fight successfully the entire Russian nation, imprison its czars, and appoint rulers over it—and you descendants of those Poles doubt that you can break and defeat these bands of invaders, in your struggle for freedom and motherland, for your homes, your kindred and friends."

The above-quoted proclamation of Kosciuszko proves at least that he was not "throughout his whole life a Lithuanian patriot," and that according to him, the words "Pole" and "Lithuanian" signify, not citizens of "entirely different nations," but citizens of one and the same wronged and partitioned mother country, that is, Poland. It is in this sense alone that Kosciuszko uses the term. A letter to Count Adam Czartoryski, dated Vienna, June 25, 1815, only fifteen days after the letter to Czar Alexander I mentioned above, in which he affirmed, "I am a Lithuanian born," finds him writing thus:

"We should ever be thankful to the emperor for bringing again to life the name of Poland, which had been lost; however, the name itself does not constitute a nation: rather the extent of its territory and the number of its citizens do. The promises of the emperor made to me and many others, of restoring our country to the old boundaries of Poland, have not been fulfilled."

Therefore, but fifteen days after calling himself a Lithuanian, Kosciuszko forgets Lithuania entirely! Just before his departure for Vienna, in a letter from Berville (April or May, 1815) to Czar Alexander I, he writes: "If I shall be able to return as a Pole to my country, I will be at your disposal." Again, in a letter to Jefferson (1816) in answer to his request that Kosciuszko come to America, the general says: "I alone am the only true Pole in Europe."

Let us turn to some earlier documents. In a private letter, to his beloved Tekla Zurowska and her mother (1790) we read: "Having dined with the Englishman and the Frenchman, do not forget the Pole, who wishes you well."

On September 6, 1792, writing from Warsaw to Szczesny Potocki, marshal of the Royal Confederation, he intervenes in favor of the officers of the revolution, who were about to be suspended:

"If such a sentence is to be executed, I beg of Your Honor the greatest favor, that the execution be fulfilled on me. . . . I will accept all without a murmur, and with tears for my native land, I will go to the new world, to another motherland, to which I have acquired a right by fighting for her independence. When I arrive there I will pray the Almighty for a permanent, free, and good government in Poland, for the independence of our nation, for a virtuous, intelligent, and free people."

Similarly, in another letter to Niesiolowski, April 14, 1794, he writes:

"The Russians have already discovered that it is no easy matter to defeat men defending their native land. The recent encounter of April 4 [1794—battle of Raclawice] showed them of what the valor of a Pole is capable."

Still more evident is Kosciuszko's Polish patriotism in the following message which he delivered to the women of Poland:

"Thaddeus Kosciuszko, commander-in-chief of the national forces, to the women of Poland: Splendor of the human race! Fair sex! I really suffer at the sight of your unceasing anxiety concerning the fate of the bold enterprise which the Poles have undertaken to free their country! Your tears, the fruit of anxious, loving hearts, strike joy into the heart of your compatriot, who sacrifices himself for the common weal. Allow me to offer you a suggestion which will, at the same time, still the pangs of your aching hearts and work for the public good. It is the fate of an oppressed people that they cannot maintain their laws nor restore them except by the greatest sacrifices, by offering themselves completely for freedom's cause. Your brothers, sons, and husbands are preparing for battle. Our blood must purchase your happiness. Women! Let its shedding put an end to your cares! I beg of you, however, for the love of humanity, prepare dressing and bandages for the wounded. Such a service of beautiful hands will lessen the suffering of the wounded, and will encourage bravery.—Given at our general headquarters in Cracow, March 24, 1794."

In all those "available documents, including a will (in which he makes a direct statement)" Father Koncevicius overlooked one especially, which in no way agrees with his proof that Kosciuszko "was throughout his whole life a Lithuanian patriot." It is a letter to Michael Zalewski in the Grand Duchy of Lithuania (about 1790):

"Your Honor:—Being sleepy, I wrote my last letter in a semi-conscious condition; no wonder it slipped my memory to tell you something about our Ruthenians. Fanaticism resulting from ignorance always produces the worst effects."

Further on in the same letter, he makes a suggestion as to how he believes this fanaticism could be overcome:

"Uniting all their holy-days with ours, let there be one calendar. We should strive to have their priests (Popi) say their Masses in Polish. Ignorant people need something on the surface, a palpable difference, otherwise they will not distinguish between the Greek religion of the non-Uniates, that is, the Russians, and their own. It is all one to them; ours, however, is

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different. We must acquaint them with the Polish language; let all their devotions be in Polish. In time they will be filled with Polish spirit."

Was the writer of this a Pole or not? We should not be astonished that Kosciuszko, filled with this spirit, protests energetically against the assertions that he said "Finis Poloniae" after the ill-fated battle of Maciejowice:

"Ignorance or bad faith is endeavoring to put on my lips, 'Finis Poloniae,' which I am supposed to have uttered on that unfortunate day. Before the end of the battle, I was almost mortally wounded and not until two days later, when I was already in the hands of my enemies, did I regain consciousness. If such a word is illogical and criminal on the lips of any Pole, much more would it be so on mine. When the Polish nation called me to defend its integrity, independence, fame and freedom, it knew that I was not the only and last Pole, and that with my death on the field of battle or with that of any other, Poland neither should nor could end. All that the Poles in the Legionary Forces have shown since then, and what they will show in the future, in order to restore their country, sufficiently proves that although we soldiers of that country can die, Poland is immortal. Furthermore, no one should pronounce or repeat such calumnious words as 'Finis Poloniae.' "

The above was written to Count Ségur from Paris, 20 Brumaire, XII (October 31, 1803) asking him not to put in the new edition of his Décade Historique the accusation that he, Kosciuszko, had uttered the words "Finis Poloniae." That is why he continues his letter thus:

"I will be very grateful to you if, in the new edition of your work, you will omit that 'Finis Poloniae.' I hope also, that by the authority of your name you will make this matter very plain to all those who in the future would wish to repeat those words and ascribe to me a blasphemy against which I protest with all my soul."

The above documents and many others too numerous to be used in the limited space of this paper, show sufficiently that Kosciuszko not only was not "throughout his whole life a Lithuanian patriot," but also that he never was such nor did he ever consider himself such. Whenever he refers to his nationality and patriotism, he calls himself a Pole.

Father Koncevicius accuses Mr. Mizwa of "a palpable lack of knowledge of Lithuanian history." Considering the tenor of all these documents, what can be said of his own knowledge of Lithuanian history! He maintains that "Lithuania was never a province of Poland." It is true that in Kosciuszko's time, up to May 3, 1791, when the new Constitution went into effect, there existed between Poland and Lithuania a union "aequales aequalibus." After this date and under the new Constitution, Lithuania had no more rights than any other province, such as, for instance, Wielkopolska. That is why on several occasions Kosciuszko calls Lithuania a province of Poland, just as he calls Wielkopolska a province. The following letter to Francis Sapieha, general of artillery in the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, April 14, 1794, clearly gives evidence of this:

"Fellow-citizen and general of the armies of the republic:—Use the utmost powers with which you were endowed by Providence, that the Lithuanian province be also imbued with that same manly spirit with which all Poland must be filled."

Moreover, in a letter to General Mokronowski (August 6, 1794) Kosciuszko calls Lithuania not only a province of Poland, but "an important part of our country."

"When circumstances known to you, dear general, forced us to beg of you to leave from here for Lithuania, I understood that such an order might seem disagreeable to you, but dire necessity and the thought of the impending danger to our nation [Poland] allowed me to hope that, putting aside all personal discomforts, you would sacrifice yourself for the common welfare. It is a pleasant thing for one whose merit is known only in that province, to win confidence there. . . . General, make haste to save such an important part of our country."

In another letter (September 3, 1794) to the same general, Kosciuszko in a similar manner calls Wielkopolska a province:

"I announce to you the happy news which comes at this moment from Wielkopolska. This entire province is up in arms."

The kind reader will no doubt excuse the writer for introducing so many historical proofs. It seemed best to him that in so important a matter as the determining of the nationality of a hero and patriot, historical documents be given more space than mere loose inferences based on a few meager, accidental citations.

Red Tulips

Sweet Passion-lilies, crimson-dyed,
You glisten with a dew that mourns
The thorny chaplet of my Crucified.

And with your ruby calyxes upturned
You mind me of His Hands upraised—
Those healing Hands, now pinioned, spurned.

You glow for me, my lilies sweet,
With all the love that Life-tide bore
That ran from out those piercèd Feet.

Sweet Passion-lilies at the Shrine—
Today you are fair chalices that hold
The Life-Blood from the Heart Divine;

And with glad hands I place you there
To thank Him for His anguished care—
Mute beauty—symbols in my flower-prayer.

MARY A. MOLLOY.

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In Christi Crucem

Crux quae Christum portavisti,
Dulce pondus, mortem isti,
Nobis vitam tu dedisti,
Coelum peccatoribus.
Dulce lignum, fis altare,
Super coelos exaltare,
Sacrificium salutare
Tollens pro mortalibus.

Hac in ara offerantur
Culpae meae, comburantur,
Foeda cuncta deleantur
Flammis poenitentiae.
Fac me tecum sublevari,
Ex infernis exaltari
Et in coelo collocari,
Crucifixum ipsum me.

Crux benigna, benedicta,
Benedic nos, et delicta
Purga nostra, ut afflicta
Corda sursum subleves.
Fac ut ignibus amoris
Conflagrantes et doloris
Passionem Salvatoris
Patiamur comites.

O portentum pietatis!
Peccatoribus amatis
Tantum tu benignitatis
Ostendis miraculum!
Is de coelo qui descendit,
In coelum per te ascendit,
Ecce manus nobis tendit,
Gratiae signaculum!

Crux columna firmamenti,
Mundi lapis fundamenti,
Victrix signum te petenti
Circumfusis hostibus:
Arbor vitae, cujus fructus
Medicamen nostri luctus,
Pharos lucens inter fluctus
Nobis naufragantibus!

Hac columna roboratus,
Hoc in lapide fundatus,
In hoc signo triumphatus,
Mundi sperno gloriam;
Tuo fructu satiatus,
Omni crimine sanatus,
Luce hac illuminatus,
Coeli portum ineam!

HERBERT H. YEAMES.

The title page and index for volume IV of The Commonweal will be sent to subscribers upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume IV in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

COMMUNICATIONS

"TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

Union City, N. J.

TO the Editor:—I most heartily endorse the letter addressed to you by Mr. Courtlandt van Winkle in which he protests against the appearance in The Commonweal of the article contributed to your columns by the Reverend Henry S. Whitehead on "Two Religions" of Anglicanism. That letter was addressed to the editor of The Commonweal and not to Mr. Whitehead. It was, therefore, in my opinion the duty of the editor of The Commonweal to answer the complaint of Mr. Van Winkle for publishing the article in question, and not Mr. Whitehead's.

Mr. Whitehead may be permitted to hold any views of religion that he wishes. With these views I am not in the least concerned, but I am very much concerned about the policy of a Catholic periodical which will publish, without note or comment, an article which must necessarily be offensive to all intelligent Catholics.

Would you please inform me through the pages of The Commonweal, and I am requesting this in the name of others as well as in my own name, what the policy of The Commonweal is in publishing such an article as Mr. Whitehead's?

N. KELLY.

(*The explanation requested by Mr. Kelly was given in an editorial comment upon a letter from M. P. Hillard, published in our issue of March 9.*—THE EDITORS.)

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—Inasmuch as there have been several protests against your printing of the Reverend Henry S. Whitehead's article, I feel that it is no more than fair to express my opinion in favor of it.

To one who read only the title on the cover, it could mean nothing definite, and anyone who read the article and imagined it written by a Catholic would be very queer, to say the least. Surely no one is fitted to define the Anglican position so well as an Anglican, especially a highly trained member of that church, and it is quite proper that we have an intelligent understanding of it. What more can a dignitary of that church do than give a friendly, clear explanation of his position, to what he considers another branch of the same church? In time I believe that, even as he says of the "other religion" of Anglicanism, the doctrine and liturgy of his own church will lead him on step by step to see the one difference between his church and ours, and to realize that, just as they read the Bible without seeing the authority of sacraments and liturgy, so he is doing the same thing and overlooking "Thou art Peter." May God grant it.

When more of our Catholics who are just naturally Catholics have a sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties of those outside the Church, we may hope for an increase of our own faith and its greater diffusion. I, for one, very sincerely trust that you will continue as you are doing.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—It would be interesting to know what is the cause of the objection to a recent article in The Commonweal on the subject of Anglicanism, as well as of the very bitter denunciation in a New York weekly of a suggestion in the San Francisco Monitor that Durant's History

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of Philosophy would be useful reading in Catholic colleges "because of its mode of presenting the opposition." In both cases, indignation is registered in regular form and it is clear that it is real, a genuine emotion. What is the cause of it? Fear of danger to faith, evidently. Danger from what source? The study of the honest belief of other Christians on the one hand; and the study of what appears to be a powerful objection to Catholic philosophy (I have only read the review) on the other.

Both indignations seem, then, to draw to the same conclusion: the Catholic in America is not educated in his faith. He does not understand his religion. It is dangerous for him, at this stage of his intellectual development, to know too much about what others are thinking, since he does no thinking himself.

Is this what is meant? It is an exceedingly interesting challenge. It is one constantly leveled at Catholics by Protestants. I should like to see it developed—and refuted.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

"INDEPENDENT" IRELAND

Cork, Ireland.

TO the Editor:—"Now that Ireland is independent." (The Commonweal, February 16, 1927.)

Whether this independence were a good thing or a bad thing, is not here in question. But words have a traditional use that all the world knows. Poland is independent. Belgium also. And France. And the United States. Wherefore, in those countries none of these things is so:

Division of a country into two by an act of another country; against the expressed wish of every elected deputy from the divided country, of all creeds, of all classes.

An oath of fealty to the king of the dividing country, as a condition of holding office in the country divided.

A parliament, no act of which is valid, unless it has been duly approved and signed by the representative of the dividing country's king.

An army, which becomes subject, in war, to the dividing country; as do all railroads, highways, and various other facilities of the divided.

Law courts against which the final appeal is in another country.

Chief parts of the divided country held by armed forces of the divided, even in time of peace.

The army of the divider encamped permanently on one of the divisions of the divided.

An oath to a constitution which repeats, over and over again, that the king of the dividing country is the source of all executive power in the divided.

In Ireland, all those things are so. If they were so in Poland, Belgium, France, the United States, these countries would not be "independent." Why in Ireland where they all are so, is Ireland called "independent"? 'Tis a thing that no fellow can understand; as used to be lisped by Lord Dundreary.

Anyway, what is the use of this knowing of so many things that are not so? As Newman said, if you go "down the channel of no meaning," where do you expect to arrive?—unless into lands whither spirits extravagant and erring do hie, there to utter the sounds of no meaning. And all the while, in the clearer upper air, things are what they are; and their consequences will be what they will be.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Mariners

CLEMENCE DANE, who wrote A Bill of Divorcement, and Granite, is the author of this second production of the Actor's Theatre under the management of Guthrie McClintic. As playwriting, it is uneven and not always completely effective, yet there are moments when in the intensity and richness of its feeling it quite sweeps aside all minor criticism and mounts to a height where the winds of life blow freely upon it in cruelty, in anguish, and in exaltation.

Mariners is so passionately intense in these brief intervals that one carries from it a curious sense of reality, of having undergone a deep and vibrant emotional experience. Yet that sense is confused and unsatisfied, as if while watching the scene, one's vision had become clouded from time to time, or distracted by impertinent rays of light. For the author has not always allowed herself to give forth the spirit of the play freely and spontaneously. She has not let the action emerge entirely from the characters of her creation. She has stopped, as it were, to give her own comment, to supply leading-strings for interpretation, to fit together elements of plot and structure with less feeling for character than for moral intention. One is resentfully conscious that she wants the play to teach a lesson. And the unfortunate part is that the theme she has chosen is not quite broad enough to furnish such a lesson with authentic power and without straining the integrity of the drama itself.

She has chosen as her scene a small village about an hour from London. The time is winter, during an epidemic of influenza. The Reverend Benjamin Cobb is trying against the odds of poverty and the bickerings of his small parish to carry on his work of self-effacing nobility. The Shepperleys are very kind to him, offering their house for his choir rehearsals, and helping him in such ways as their limited imaginations permit. But no one has quite fathomed the mystery of Benjamin Cobb's domestic life. His wife, he tells them, is ill. He must be near her in all his spare moments. She has been rude to many of his parishioners. She is never seen at church services. But, for every failing of hers, he nervously gives the one excuse—her health. Only a few suspect the truth: that Benjamin Cobb, once a brilliant scholar at Oxford, had married a barmaid, a girl so hopelessly removed from his own intellectual and spiritual level that she had never been able to adjust herself to his life. In defense against the world she could never understand, she has taken refuge in an angry seclusion and in a jealousy of her husband's duties and his outside contacts which amounts to a monomania.

In the first act, the Shepperleys persuade the minister to remain a few moments after choir practice for a cup of tea. Then Joan Shepperley corners him to ask his advice about marriage to a boy her family does not like. This all takes time. It is late when Mr. Cobb finally leaves. It is a darker moment still when he returns, an unforgettable torture written on his face, to ask shelter for the night. His wife had fallen asleep, and he had forgotten his key. He could not get into his own house. That is how he defends his wife to the world. That she had flown into a rage at his delayed homecoming and locked him out of his home is a secret he tries to lock in his heart.

The second act discloses the real inwardness of the Cobbs' life. A termagant wife, a woman of morbid moods, alternating between rage and pleading surrender, suspicious, inferior, bitter, pathetic withal because of the very excess of her futility. Before her husband returns, she opens the door to call for him, thinking perhaps that he has been watching like some faithful dog on her doorstep during the cold night. When he does come back, there is a moment when she wants to fly to his arms for forgiveness, but before he can utter a word, she has given vent to one of her outbursts. He, on his part, is alternately firm and patient, fearing, in his anxiety to protect her, to show the forcefulness she really demands, and allowing his endless patience to be mistaken for cowardice. Some old college friends come to see him. They are shocked at the change. One of them offers him a much better living in a neighboring parish. This he refuses "for social reasons," pleading his own incompetence to get along with people. His wife, Lilly, overhears his last words. She presses him to know what offer he has received. When she hears that he has refused a chance for more money and better position, she divines the real reason. He is ashamed of her. Another scene. In the middle of it, a parishioner, stricken with influenze, sends for the minister. He is already coughing himself. Lilly is suddenly all devotion. Will he stay home and let her nurse him? When he refuses, she charges him with preferring his parish to her. He goes out on his call of duty.

The curtain of the last act rises on Lilly sewing black garments. The Reverend Benjamin Cobb is dead. In her heart, Lilly accuses herself of his death, but when the Shepperleys come to offer help, she begins to rage at the dead husband who "has left her in the lurch." Old Miss Anne Shepperley at last blazes forth. She accuses Lilly of murdering her husband. Lilly flees from the house. Hours later she is found, at the grave of her husband, dead, some say of exposure, or, as others say, of grief. And on this tragedy, Miss Dane puts her comment into the mouth of Miss Shepperley. The life of the Cobbs was not a failure. Through all the stress of their ill-mated existence they loved each other. As mariners on a storm-swept sea, they had "tried to steer their lives by a star." From their life and death, Joan Shepperley finds the courage to marry the man she has loved—a shell-shocked weakling whom her family despises, but in whose finer purpose she has faith at last.

From this you can see the odd combination of stark power and pale sentimentality which governs this play. Lilly Cobb is too near the border-line of insanity to make her life and emotions achieve a universal sweep. The very exaggerations which lend theatrical power to her scenes rob the play as a whole of anything more than a passing significance. And the counter-plot of Joan Shepperley is brought into a coincidence entirely too artificial. A really great play might well be written on this theme. But it would have to be purged of all self-consciousness, of all effort to retell in the author's words a story already born from the souls of the characters themselves.

Granting these inherent weaknesses of Mariners, Guthrie McClintic has done a masterly job in casting and directing it. There is, of course, no American actress who could measure for an instant to the power of Pauline Lord as the unfortunate Lilly Cobb. She has the gift of bestowing the terror of tragedy on the most trivial incidents. From the moment of her first appearance in the second act, she becomes a woman of awesome doom, not through any exaggeration of manner, but through the

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vibrant and fluttering pathos of her whole being. Lilly becomes far more than a distracted woman fighting against her husband. She becomes a tragic woman fighting against herself, torn, twisted, doomed to seek and never find, to kill the only things that could bring her happiness or release. Whatever the success of the play, Miss Lord has added an unforgettable chapter to her own achievements. Arthur Wontner, whose single scene in The Captive won the admiration of American critics, plays the distraught Benjamin Cobb with a fine perception and sensitiveness to his deepest suffering. Mary Kennedy, seen all too seldom this last season, gives an exceptionally clean-cut, direct and forceful turn to the minor character of Joan Shepperley. The only real disappointment is Haidee Wright as old Miss Anne Shepperley. She has moments of real power, but mars her best scenes by an over-sententious reading, in blazing contrast to the restraint of Miss Lord.

The Legend of Leonora

THE business of "bringing back Barrie," after the gratifying success of What Every Woman Knows, has acquired a certain vogue, and Sir James is being regarded as a renewable gold mine by many managers who do not quite understand that Helen Hayes did quite as much as the play itself to establish the long run of Maggie Wylie's romance. And so it happens that Grace George is now appearing in a revival of The Legend of Leonora, in spite of the fact that the play hardly merits a resurrection.

Not a word of disparagement can be said of Miss George's performance. She is quite delightful throughout, combining whimsy with sparkling comedy and giving to all her scenes the charm without which Barrie is better left unacted. Nor is it just to say anything against the underlying fantasy of the play itself, which lies as far beyond reality as Peter Pan, and permits of no rough handling, even by the captious or the cynical. Let us grant at once all its tender beauty and its crackling fun, but add quickly that the surrounding material is sharply dated, and in its satirical aspects hardly bears the scrutiny of coarser modern eyes.

For, as many others have noted, this play is the curious forerunner of Chicago and many other plays dealing with the sentimentality of juries toward a pretty woman accused of crime. The quite fantastic story of Leonora is that this charming mother of seven children was traveling in a train with her little girl who had a "sniffy cold." A rude man refused to allow her to shut the train window, whereupon Leonora promptly shoved him out of the moving train and triumphantly shut the window. The play's chief scene is the trial of Leonora, with judge, jury, and attorneys trying to achieve an acquittal. Of course they succeed. Then, in a whimsical epilogue, Barrie asks us with a wink, whether Leonora ever committed the crime at all, or whether, as seems more likely, she being typical of all the old-fashioned mothers of the race, merely would have committed it if such provocation had ever arisen. And so the play wavers between sentiment and poetry and satire with the Peter Pan devotion to the mystic mother hovering above all and smiling fondly upon it all. Bruce McRae, as Captain Rattray, R.N., plays delightfully into the Barrie mood, almost inaudible at times in his explosive diction, but never failing in his grace of manner and lightness of touch. Moffat Johnston as the justice of the court is also good, and the rest of the cast passable. It is not the fantasy in the play with mars it for modern audiences, but the curious admixture of dated realistic satire. Therein it does not earn its right to revival.

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POEMS FOR HOLY WEEK

Is This Not Enough to Bear?

The crowds move up the way to Calvary
And women smother sympathy for Christ,
Christ the tall handsome carpenter Who came
From Galilee to cry, I am the Way!

Simon will take the cross and bear it on
His shoulders. Eli! Eli! I have a cross.
Jehovah grew a tall, young tree for me.
Golgotha rises up in front of me
And, Christ, I go there. Where is one to go
With me? O where is one to take my cross?

They raise Your cross and Marys kiss Your feet.
Mary, Mary, I need to feel your lips.
The vinegar sponge is bitter, bitter. Its taste
Is on my lips and, Christ, on Yours to taste.

And You have promised peace to that one thief.
O Master, promise peace to me—peace, peace.
Or is my cross not heavy on my back?
And do my hands not break under the hammering?
And is my side not broken by the spears?
And is my mouth not dry? My lips not bitter?

O Christ, my cross is light, my hands and side
Unbroken by the blows and stabbing thrusts.
My mouth is singing words of peace. My lips
Are sweet, O sweet with sacramental wine.
My shoulders rest because You take the cross
Like Simon going up to Calvary.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

The Fourth Station

One station where I do not pray:
Maria meets her Son—
One swiftly blinding pang of grief,
My heart and lips are dumb.

"My God, that this should ever be,"
'Tis all I ever say—
Maria, Mother, teach it me
If one ought here to pray!

SISTER MARIELLA.

The Secret

"'Tis finished!" so He said, and so thought we,
As, with spent veins and weight of misery
His Body sank. "Not so," the lance replies,
And starts the fountain of His Heart's surprise.

So shall not I, this carcass, even if
My veins and parlous limbs with sin be stiff,
Find tears in unsuspected freedom start
From some still tender corner of my heart?

CYPRIAN RICE.

Via Dolorosa

Oh, street of sorrows, burdened with a shame
That hangs about you like a cloud today
Though Arab children play with colored balls
And gentle black-robed Sisters kneel and pray
Where shameful lots were cast for garments worn
With such humility, where women wept,
Where weak denials led to treachery,
Where Roman soldiers gambled, drank, and slept.

Walking alone along your winding way,
On stones worn smooth by hordes of pilgrim feet,
I feel the press of crowds that sob and sigh
Until the air is thick with ghostly grief;
And at the corner where the sunlight falls
I seem to see a quivering shadow lie
For one short moment on the yellow walls
So strengthened and so sure is my belief.

BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY.

Cock-Crow

I heard a cock crow three times over—
Fields were white with mist and clover,
Dawn climbed up the edge of day,
Still that cock would have his say.
Little heeded I his crowing,
Little heeded I—yet knowing
That his utterance was wise,
I closed my ears, I shut my eyes.

I remember as a child
Hearing stories of a mild
Christ Who warned of a cock's crowing
Where an eastern dawn was showing.
Then denial and betrayal,
And the imprint of a nail,
And one named Peter mournfully
Striking at his breast—like me.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

Holy Saturday

Pale petals of the cherry-blossom fall,
For Thy translucent limbs' perennial pall;
And sweetly the birds sing,
And budding woodlands ring
With hidden voice Thy dirge and clarion call.

Now over every distant plain and hill
The thoughtful mist hangs sorrowfully still;
Now incense every flower
Swings, lovely for this hour,
And leavening silence comprehends Thy will.

JUDITH ACTON.

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BOOKS

Mother Philippine Duchesne, by Marjory Erskine. New York: Longman's Green and Company. $4.00.

Mary Aloysia Hardey: Religious of the Sacred Heart, 1809-1886, by Mary Garvey. New York: Longman's Green and Company. $3.00.

THE lives of Mother Philippine Duchesne and Mother Aloysia Mary Hardey, religious of the Sacred Heart, are something more than conventional hagiography. Together with that of the canonized founder of the order, Mère Sophie Barat, which has already been the theme of an article in The Commonweal,* they constitute a perfect trilogy of the great teaching order from its inception in 1802 to our own day. From the historical point of view, the two latter books, now noticed, are a contribution of inestimable value, if only because the phase of our national life they cover is one none too familiar to American Catholics and is only coming into full light as interest in Americana of the pioneer period becomes general.

Up to the time of her departure for the American mission, in mature middle-age, the life of Mère Duchesne had not departed greatly from the lines familiar to all who study the revival of religion in post-revolutionary France. The Duchesnes were a wealthy family of manufacturers, merchants, and lawyers, the "haute bourgeoisie," in a word, out of which nearly everything that is stable and commands respect in republican France has issued. Bitterly hostile to autocracy of any sort, this social category took up the fight for local rights after the provincial nobility had been crushed or seduced, and were found, quite naturally, in the forefront of the Tiers Etât in 1789. Quite as naturally, they suffered in their turn, both from the extreme party who reared the Terror on their constitutional edifice and the central authority set up by Napoleon, which put France into an administrative strait-jacket that has endured to our day.

All the repercussions of the great change were felt by the young woman who was to be the pioneer of the veiled cloister in Missouri. She was forced to see the convent where her novitiate was spent turned into a prison; to spend her energies, which were quite as unconquerable as those of her stubborn forefathers, in succouring fugitive priests and procuring the consolations of religion for the dying, and generally in grappling with the moral débris which revolution never fails to leave in its wake. Her efforts to revive her own order of Visitandines, though it was supported by the interest of an uncle, the great banker and minister, Casimir Perier, were brought to nothing by misunderstandings, material hardships, and even slander. This sad phase of her life ended in the now famous meeting with sainted Mère Barat and her coming to the convent of Sainte Marie d'en Haut as mistress of novices.

Her interest in America, amounting to an obsession, dated far back in the life of Mère Duchesne. The stories of a missionary from Louisiana who visited Grenoble during the American Revolution made a lasting impression upon her budding mind. "The very name of 'Indian' sent a thrill through Josephine." The desire to be sent upon the American mission is the theme of letter after letter that passes between the eager enthusiast and the saint who was now her superior in religion. "So I am allowed to indulge my longing," she writes in 1806. "You do not deprive me of the hope that my wishes may one day be fulfilled."

* *A Mother in Christ, May 27, 1925.*

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The journey up the Mississippi, eleven years later, when the foundress of the Sacré Coeur had at last yielded to her daughter's holy importunities, is described for us by Mother Erskine in words that convey a vivid impression of the primitive conditions of the Church in America a century ago. Seventeen passengers, nuns, priests and students, were crowded together on a little vessel of 125 tons. "In all the thousand miles of the Mississippi's course there was not, in 1818, one buoy or beacon-light or lantern; and flickering, smoky, pitch-dropping torch-baskets, noisy shouts, and the blast of a bugle or the clanging of a bell were the only warnings at night that they were in danger of collision." The "cathedral" at St. Louis was "a log cabin, falling into ruins." In the bishop's "palace" one small room served as "dormitory, refectory and study" for five invalid priests. At Kaskaskia, the children of the early French settlers "go to schools in which they hear not a word of religion, nor are they taught to read French." At St. Charles "we dig in the garden, carry manure, lead our cow to drink, and clean out its tiny stable, the only one in the neighborhood." There were constant alerts from prairie fires. At Florissant "a single room serves for parlor, portry, classroom, dormitory, refectory, pupils' infirmary, and we have nine small children with us."

Some strange and interesting figures come in and out of the story that Mother Erskine tells so colorfully. At St. Louis a staunch friend and benefactor is "Mr. John Mullanphy. . . . an Irish gentleman who had seen service in the French army and then had come to America. . . . He had helped to win the battle of New Orleans" and had offered the federal authorities to build a capitol at St. Charles if Missouri on entering the Union would choose that town for its seat of government. There is Father De la Croix, a "strong character" who "passes rivers all but impassable by making his horse swim the flood," and the first native postulant, Mary Mullen who "understands only English and I despair of speaking to her. . . . it is the pronunciation that staggers me."

From the first it was evident that the great obstacle in the way of planting the order in America would be differences of speech and racial temperament. The woman who, under God's providence, was to solve them and to carry on Mother Duchesne's work was American by birth, ancestry, and character. The Hardeys were of English stock. Nicholas Hardey was a companion of Leonard Calvert, and landed with the Catholic pioneers of Maryland on Lady Day, 1634. A descendant, one Anthony Hardey, who was the grandfather of the subject of Mother Garvey's biography, was a boyhood companion of George Washington and could recall him later as "a type of all that is gentle and manly in youth."

The Hardey family emigrated to Louisiana soon after its purchase. The child who was born on December 8, 1809, grew to girlhood amid the easy, patriarchal life of the well-to-do planter. Impulsiveness, with a strong underlying basis of shrewd common sense seems to have been her characteristic from the first. Once sure of her vocation she wasted little time in breaking down what was perhaps a natural wish on the part of her family that a little more time should be given a beautiful girl of seventeen to make so grave a decision. "This time I have come to stay," was her greeting to the astonished sisterhood on entering the convent at Grand Coteau. In the first days of her novitiate, she cut off her long fair hair without waiting for authorization, and was rebuked, tenderly we can well believe, for her headstrong action. During her days of instruction, the precept of entire obedience presented certain difficulties to her imagination, which she met by the very practical consideration that "the surest way of being able to do my own will is always to will that which my superiors will for me."

Madame Hardey made her first profession in the midst of a terrible visitation of cholera at the convent of Saint Michael's during which, an eye-witness tells us, "she went through the plague-stricken house like an angel of mercy, cheering the invalids, consoling the dying, and preparing the dead for burial." Her reply when promoted superioress of the decimated house four years later deserves textual quotation: "As a true American I promise to do my best." Practically the whole of her long life subsequently was spent in executive position, founding new houses or visiting those already established. The long overland journeys that this work entailed were punctuated with voyages overseas, to Rome, to Cuba and Chile, to the mother-house in Paris, together with conferences, debates, momentous decisions, and even law-suits as the order struggled through difficulties and opposition, at times from quarters where the loyalty of its daughters had not looked for it. As Father T. J. Campbell, S. J., reminds us in his brief preface, we have to remember that this existence of toil and travel was almost entirely without present-day alleviations, that the journeys across the ocean were made, "not on the luxurious vessels of today, but on the clumsy slow-going and often dangerous craft of fifty years ago." On one typical voyage, from New York to Montreal, ice blocked the course of the little paddle-steamer and the rest of the journey had to be undertaken on foot, through deep snow and over unknown country.

Perhaps, for us, the most instructive incidents in Madame Hardey's life are those in which national characteristics of this saintly American nun were most manifest. We have already quoted her answer on assuming her first office. She was "very guarded in countenancing singular and extraordinary practices of devotion. 'Our perfection,' she used to say, 'is to be found in the observance of the Rule and not outside of it.'" Her faculty for grappling with legal detail earned the remark from a famous lawyer that "if Madame Hardey were a partner in my firm I should be a rich man." During the Civil War she took a quite special interest in the drummer boys of the Nineteenth Army Corps. "One of her little protegés died," reports a chaplain, "whilst regretting that he was not spared to go home and give 'the mother of all the nuns' the pleasure of hearing how many beats he could play on his drum." There can be no doubt that her exile in France at the call of duty, and which only death was to end, was felt as a heavy cross, but to a fellow-religious commiserating her upon it, she contented herself by pointing to the walls of her room, with the remark: "This is my America."

An impression exists which is seldom corrected from the right angle of defense, that Catholicism in the United States has its full citizenship still to earn—in homely language, that it is "imported goods." The misconception arises partly from an ignorance of early American history and partly from the fact that the Church, being a proscribed and persecuted body in all English-speaking nations throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was forced, at the beginning to avail itself of the missionary labors of devoted priests and nuns of other than English-speaking stock. The lives of these two saintly women, of whom the Frenchwoman died in America, the American in France, do something more than throw fresh light upon the missionary and pioneering work of the Church during the great westward migration. Perhaps no two lives taken in a single religious order and during a consecutive period could better epitomize than theirs the one outstanding fact that makes so puzzling a paradox for a generation that has lost hold of the

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very notion of universality—namely, the existence, side by side, of a spiritual communion that takes no heed of nationality, and of national loyalties that need only make their claims apparent to have them honored.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Variety, by Paul Valéry; translated by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $3.00.

SINCE his election to the Academy, Paul Valéry has become the subject of general conversation. Or perhaps, one should say rather that the mind of Paul Valéry has become an object of curiosity and even of pedagogy. This, about which dozens of books are written and circulated in very limited editions, is credited with a "purification" of the more transcendental elements of human personality. Intelligence is conceived of as apart from the welter of emotions, practical business, appetites of every-day living. Music is heralded as "the powerful but futile intermediary between being and knowing." Literary creation is "the achievement of far other things entirely than an author." Finally, Valéry has coined the term "pure poetry," and proved his mastery of verse-forms in which the element of beauty is respected for its own sake, regardless of content or didactic drift. Thus a positivistic Malebranche, awed by experience rather than by Divinity, makes his appearance. There is, however, a less metaphysical aspect of the man which ought to convey an immediately satisfactory impression to the American reader. Valéry is an intellectual whose effectiveness does not depend upon a display of cleverness. His paradoxes are not colorful verbal flashes that mingle wit and reflection, but abstractions deduced from the loftiest concerns of the mind.

Mr. Cowley's careful translation of Variety is therefore likely to seem a little baffling. Here are sage letters, written originally for the London Athenaeum on the subject of the contemporary intellectual crisis. A little farther on, one finds a note on Pascal, written for La Revue Hebdomadaire on the occasion of the Pascal centenary and fated now (as then) to shock the reader. Next there is a transcendental discussion of Poe's Eureka, in which Valéry's own metaphysical convictions are set forth—in the form of a rather cryptic methodology—and brought to this conclusion: "Just as the universe escapes our intuition, in the same way it is transcendent to our logic." One can, however, know the phenomena of physical nature, with the help of mathematical representations. Finally, there is a highly remarkable "introduction" to the method of Leonardo da Vinci, which raises so many questions that a book would not suffice to elaborate and discuss them.

Strange though it may seem to find a poet speculating about metaphysics, science and intuition, it is precisely the value of Valéry that he posits, from a point aloof from modern academia, inquiries which need to be answered because they are so much of the texture of the modern mind. "We must be thankful," he says, "for the difficult authors of our time. If they shape the minds of a few readers, it is not merely for their own use." Why? Because if modern romantic, democratic civilization continues to weaken the power of the European intellectual instrument for the sake of stuffing the average person with easily digestible recipes, the great minds of the past "will no longer be understood" and western civilization, which is "defined only by the desires and the amplitude of homo europaeus's will," must surrender to larger mass energies existing outside. Valéry suggests a discipline which will create an intellectual instrument conscious of its supreme value, content to exist for its own sake, indifferent to the material world which it transcends, scientific,

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mathematical, poetic, mystical even, but not philosophical. For Paul Valéry began life by accumulating a contempt for systematic metaphysics, in which he saw neither "permanence of viewpoint nor purity of method."

A respect for the form of the Catholic religion and a "mysticism without God" are strange complements which this strenuous disciplinarian of the intelligence anneals in his "mind." Of Christianity he says that it "proposes the subtlest, the most important, and even the most fertile problems to the mind. It has educated and stimulated millions of minds; has made them act and react during a chain of centuries." Nevertheless, the assumptions upon which Christianity is based are untenable because the mind is incapable of knowing being, and because the Act of Faith can never be more than an intuition and, therefore, matter of a moment. This new epicureanism of the intelligence is, therefore, compact with peculiar equalizations. Science is the scope of the mind's "knowledge"; poetry is the domain of its "mysticism." Nevertheless, seen from Valéry's point of view, these seeming divergencies are really unified. They are all simply the separate domains in which the one central function of analysis can be exercised. The very word "variety" is a symbol of that intense but disciplined discontent with which the mind must be satisfied as its "true trade."

About all this much needs to be said. Valéry's rarified positivism has the charm, sobriety and value, though also the aridity, of the finest strain in modern French idealism. He offers it not so much as a doctrine. It is rather an account, not wholly comforting, of the voyage of an eminently modern European poet toward a satisfactory intellectual purpose. In so far as this implies a retreat from emotionalism—from profligate squandering of self toward resolute discipline of self—it has a genuine ascetic importance.

Obviously, however, it is narrowed in range by too great an attention to quantitative analysis. One has only to compare it with another eminently modern procedure—Edmund Husserl's analysis of qualities—to discern that its abstraction has sacrificed exceedingly much in parting from reality.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Father of the Church in Tennessee, by the Very Reverend V. F. O'Daniel, O. P. Washington: The Dominicana. $4.00.

THE development of almost any human project has, in its beginning at least, a dominant interest. The records of pioneers are robust. So, too, is much of the early history of this country, which to a considerable extent is associated with the early history of the Church. Father O'Daniel, historiographer of the Dominican order, has written a documented, complete, and well-illustrated biography of Bishop Richard Pius Miles, the pioneering bishop of Tennessee. To anyone interested in the difficulties attendant on the missionary work of the Church in the South today, this account of the life and times of Bishop Miles will be compellingly informative. To the man in the street to whom the contemporary—perhaps natural is more accurate—idiosyncrasies of Tennessee have become something of a commonplace, this biography will be a revelation of what the Church has accomplished in spite of the barriers which these idiosyncrasies interpose.

Years ago, Brother Azarias, commenting on the inadequate manner in which Catholic history was treated, said: "The past is ours, but we treat it shamefully. We neglect it; we let its sacred memory be enveloped in a growth of rank weeds that hide or efface its noble records; we permit its deeds to be misrepresented, its honor to be stained, its glory to be tarnished; and scarcely, if at all, in feeble accents do we enter protest." Certainly, this painstaking, thorough recital of the extensive progress of the Church in the wilderness of Tennessee, a recital which combines a popular style with fidelity to the historical method, is a worthy answer to Brother Azarias's complaint.

The first Bishop of Tennessee provides an extraordinary subject for study. In its uniqueness, his life suggests that slight exaggeration of fact that furnishes the high spots of fiction. He was one of the first group of young men to study for the priesthood beyond the Alleghany mountains, after Congress and the Constitution had, by enactments of religious freedom, provided the enlarging activities of the Church with protection. Bishop Miles was also one of the first group of native Americans to assume the habit of the Dominican order. Following his ordination he was a teacher in the first Catholic college in Kentucky. Here at Saint Thomas College there is an interesting episode in the arrival, for a two-years' residence, of Jefferson Davis, later President of the Confederacy.

When Bishop Miles was in his late fifties, he was made the first bishop of the new diocese. To reach Nashville, he had to travel overland on horseback. On his arrival he found that he was a prelate without a church, a rectory, or a priest. The following years were a trial which sorely tested the character of the Bishop, but from which he emerged in the end with his courage and devoutness rewarded. It was with great difficulty that he found assistant pastors. His life for a considerable time was that of the circuit-riding preacher, among the members of a flock which was scattered far and wide. Once he traversed 700 miles on horseback, over mountains and across rivers, to baptize two persons. Slowly aid came to him; money was sent from France; courageous priests volunteered. It must be confessed, however, that he was sorely tried in the administration of his diocese, for other prelates in more affluent districts were not above taking priests from his mere handful. Yet he built churches, founded his own seminary, and was fortunate in the excellent assistance of his vicar-general, Father Stokes. Missions were established, and in time, the beautiful cathedral of Saint Mary's, in Nashville, was completed.

In accord with the spirit of the Dominican order, Bishop Miles organized schools as rapidly as possible. Father O'Daniel, in his chronicle of this building up of the Church, gives credit to the loyal families who came to their first prelate's assistance. Praise is also rendered to many Protestants for their offer of their churches to the new Catholic arrivals in their early impoverished days. There are also ample accounts of the great tact that was exercised by Bishop Miles in the face of the opposition furnished by the Know-nothing element of Nashville.

From this fine, stimulating biography the character of its subject emerges beautiful, steadfast, zealous, patient. The book, in addition, is a mine of carefully authenticated facts. It gives a definitive outline to much that had previously been left to legends, brief accounts, and memory. It may also bring to the reader a keener sense of the worthy charity he may accomplish, when next time he hears of some poor pastor in the backwoods of the South, who cannot keep a horse because he has not sufficient funds. In the annals of Americana this record is an absorbing and important contribution. It is a deserving tribute to a great Dominican who quietly pursued his pioneering achievement in the face of all but insurmountable obstacles. It will be a poor reader who fails to find The Father of the Church in Tennessee an engaging study.

EDWIN CLARK.

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Italy's International Economic Position, by Constantine E. McGuire. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IF YOU wish to know Italy's present economic position in relation to the rest of the world, you may read it here, analyzed and charted and amply documented. Dr. McGuire has done an extraordinarily able piece of work. It is all the more important a study because it gives also an estimate of Fascist Italy's economic future and it outlines the economic policies that will help most her international position.

Dr. McGuire rarely strays from the path. He assumes that the reader knows that Italy's large industries are capitalistically owned and that much of the agricultural land is held by large landlords. From that point he proceeds to plumb Italy's manufacturies, agriculture, banking trade, and foreign debts chiefly under the aspect of their relations to the outside world.

Each year Italy imports foodstuffs. Her large manufacturing industries import fuel and usually also raw materials. They are, it appears, a forced growth and have depended upon the subsidy of a high tariff. The balance of foreign trade has been against Italy continuously. Under the economic system that has obtained, the country is crowded. Yet the people are walled in by our immigration law and by straitened opportunities elsewhere. They are taxed even now as the people of no other modern country are taxed, and the still greater burden of the war debts owed to foreign governments must be shouldered in ever heavier payments.

Here is a sorry state of affairs. Italy is surrounded by selfish sovereign states; she is pursued by insistent and capable private and governmental creditors; she meets the competition of the industrialized and commercialized countries whom she has imitated. When a communist revolution failed, a dictator came to power riding the waves of reaction. He harnessed the state to capitalist industry, agriculture, banking and trade, and fastened down with screws the normal subjection of the city and rural proletariat to the industrialists and landlords. But it is not this that Dr. McGuire discusses. What he is studying is the effect of the new régime upon Italy's international economic position.

One need not read far in Dr. McGuire's book to see that Fascism has accomplished an enormous feat. But one must read to the end to see its limitations. Indeed the study leads to one question: What will happen to this agriculturally poor country, this artificially industrialized country, this tax-ridden country, when it begins to feel five years hence the greatly increased and ever-growing burden of the war debts, unrelieved then by current foreign borrowings? Is a state-imposed and state-nurtured capitalism and a particularly gross form of nationalism the correct answer of Italy to the capitalist nationalism of her competitors and creditors?

Italy will owe the world two billion gold lire a year for interest charges and for the deficit in foreign trade. In return will come a billion and a half from services, from emigrants, tourists, shipping, etc. If she could cut the trade deficit in two, accounts would be equalized. But this is a doubtful possibility. Moreover, it is likely that business depression will follow the stabilization of the coinage. The strong probability is, therefore, that Italy's deficit will continue, and, it is presumed, will show first in the failure to pay the heavy future instalments on the war debts—precisely those instalments which are due the United States. What will happen then is a matter for speculation.

The chief economic needs of Italy, Dr. McGuire says, are

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the restriction of the growth of debts to foreigners, access unhampered by monopolies or national price control to foodstuffs and raw materials, the moderation of protective tariffs throughout the world, international peace, and the free migration of peoples.

Yet all of these, including, in part, even the first, depend upon the action of other countries. Toward none of them, except possibly the first, and that without great hope, is the Fascist policy tending. Indeed, except for the first, which may have another origin, the opposites of these policies are a normal consequence of the theories of extreme nationalism which Italy is now following.

R. A. McGOWAN.

Essays on Literature and Life, by A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

MR. CLUTTON-BROCK was too serious and too intelligent to forego a diligent concern with traditional literature. His comment, in the London Times and elsewhere, was therefore distinguished by a round fulness of view which often proved valuably larger than the hasty conclusions of his slapdash contemporaries. Of course, one could have wished less staidness for him—less of what must always bear the label of the "Tory" mind.

The present little book, which is charmingly outfitted, gathers together a number of his most significant papers. He talks of a few abstract themes, like Pure Literature. But there is more meat in his discussion of Blake, Shelley, and Wordsworth. It is curious to observe that in spite of the vast number of good remarks Englishmen have made concerning these lyric masters, other good discussion is continuously appearing. The reason must be that an Englishman can live himself into his great literature, and thus realize whatever of magnitude abides within himself. Mr. Clutton-Brock was perceptive and sound enough to come through that ordeal transfigured.

T. C.

CONTRIBUTORS

WALTER LIPPMANN is the chief editorial writer of the New York World, and the author of A Preface to Politics; Liberty and the News; and The Phantom Public.

DINO BIGONGIARI is a member of the Department of Romance Languages in Columbia University.

REV. S. A. ZAJKOWSKI is a Polish scholar in the Albertinum College of the University of Fribourg, Switzerland.

SISTER MARY A. MOLLOY, Ph.D., is the dean of the faculty of Saint Teresa's College, Winona, Minnesota.

HERBERT H. YEAMES is professor of Greek and Latin literature in Hobart College, New York.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY is a poet of Chicago whose contributions appear in the current magazines.

SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.B., is at the head of the English department of the College of Saint Benedict, St. Joseph, Minnesota.

REV. CYPRIAN RICE, O.P., is a member of the community of Hawkesyard Priory, Staffordshire, England.

BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY is a contemporary poet of New York.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN is the author of Inheritance and Other Poems; and The Witch Girl.

JUDITH ACTON is an Irish poet residing at Oxford, England.

EDWIN CLARK is a reviewer and critic for the New York periodicals.

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN is assistant director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

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